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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review*

HINDENBURG was buried on Tuesday with great pomp. The funeral oration, delivered by Hitler, ended with the statement that "Our War Lord has entered Valhalla"; but it also contained what Mr. Ward Price, the *Daily Mail* correspondent, hails as a note of peace. "Not for a century," said the Führer, "will it be necessary for Germany again to defend her honour, since never in centuries were soldiers braver than ours." This argument seems a trifle obscure, but we may let that pass. What we are concerned about is whether Hitler really means peace. If we could believe all that he told Mr. Ward Price in an interview published in the *Daily Mail* last Monday, we should have to count him among the Quakers. Not only it appears, does Germany not seek war; war is a "ghastly catastrophe" which can benefit no one. "To us war would offer no prizes; 1918 was for us a lesson and a warning," and we must put an end to war psychology "on both sides." Germany is eager for friendship with her neighbours, and she asks for nothing in return—not the *Anschluss* (that "is not a problem of the present day"); nor colonies "I would not," said the Führer, "sacrifice the life of a single German to get any colony in the world"; nor the Danzig Corridor (for "we ask only that our present frontiers shall be maintained.")

Is It Peace, Hitler?

All this and more like it—"of the utmost significance to Europe," as the *Daily Mail* observes—rolled off the Führer's tongue. But is it credible? Has the leopard changed his spots, and become not merely a nice pussy, but a veritable dove? Is *Mein Kampf* to be no longer the testament of the new Germany, but Dr. Goebbels's *Index Expurgatorius?* We should like to believe it, but we await proofs of so miraculous a change. Whilst Hitler coos the rearmament of Germany goes on, and so does the education of the German people in the worship and practice of force. A conference attended by 30,000 Nazi school-teachers at Frankfurt this week was exhorted by Dr. Rust, the Minister of Education, to "create the new type of human being demanded in Germany," and there were other martial speeches pressing for a real "people's army" and for the possession of colonies. But, of course, if Hitler has not really changed his heart, he may be—and the signs are that he will be—compelled to change his policy by forces that his demagogy cannot control. And the policy of this country and of others, and particularly France, will we hope be directed to encouraging and not impeding a return to sanity in Germany.

Austria After the "Putsch"

Trials of the captured Nazis are proceeding daily in Vienna and elsewhere. Severe sentences of imprisonment are being inflicted, but there have been few hangings.

Many, if not most, of the prisoners are pretty clearly the dupes and tools of the bigger men who organised the *Putsch* and who have not been caught—and perhaps never will be. In Germany the whole affair has been grossly misrepresented by the press and the wireless, which have painted the *Putsch* as a heroic revolt against a foul tyranny and intolerable persecution, and have even shamelessly distorted a British correspondent's report of the end of Dollfuss's murderers. Meanwhile, the Austrian Government, after considerable hesitation, have accepted Herr von Papen as German Minister in Vienna, and without any such conditions as it was suggested they might attach to his appointment. Papen may do something to improve relations. But what the Austrians really want is material evidence of the German Government's sincerity—the "liquidation" of Herr Habicht and of the Austrian Nazi legion and their headquarters in Bavaria. Whether the Powers, who are profuse in their sympathy, can or will give help in that direction, remains to be seen. At present there is no sign of any concerted and practicable plan for insuring Austria's future.

The Sovereign Admirals

Though the preparatory conversations in London designed to lead up to the Naval Disarmament Conference of 1935 have barely begun, enough is known of the attitude of the chief Powers to justify the doubt whether the Conference can usefully meet. Japan, which has not yet sent her delegates, is cutting at the root of all restriction by objecting to the ratio system on principle. It is, she declares, "incompatible with her national self-respect" to accept the 5 : 5 : 3 ratio, or any ratio whatever. The views of the British and American Governments seem still as irreconcilable as they were when Sir John Simon smashed the Hoover plan at Geneva. As before, the Americans would agree to fewer ships, but must have them big; while the British demand more ships, but would like them cheaper and smaller. So far is the British Government from disarming, that it has raised its claim for cruisers from the present fifty to the old Jellicoe standard of seventy. Nor is it helpful that Italy has joined the big-ship party by suddenly laying down two 35,000-ton battleships, while France is content with the 25,000-ton capital ship. The Japanese, while rejecting any ratio, are, on the other hand, in the camp of those who prefer smaller ships and lighter guns. This division over the path which conscious virtue should tread is unfortunate, but probably not accidental. While some shout for many smaller ships and others for fewer big ones, any limitation, not to mention disarmament, becomes impossible. The *Times*, taking the world as it finds it, suggests that each Power, "in its capacity of a free and sovereign State," should fix its own strength and pledge itself not to exceed its own figure. If that is to be all, why trouble to call a Conference?

President Roosevelt Returns

President Roosevelt, back from his holiday, has begun making speeches. His first utterance, a broadcast talk from high up in the Rocky Mountains, fails to confirm the suggestion that he would return prepared greatly to relax State control of business in the hope of stimulating the confidence of the industrialists and financiers, and thus tempting investors back into the market. Actually he foreshadowed further extensions of control, designed to secure the ordinary citizen against the abuse of power by big private interests. On the same day as the President made his speech, the Senate's Commission on the banks issued its report, based on the sensational disclosures elicited a few months ago, when most of the leading bankers were compelled to give evidence before it. The report is a severe indictment of American methods of flotation and investment banking, particularly in relation to foreign issues. Indeed, it seems to place undue emphasis on the abuses of the overseas issue market, in view of the fact that on balance American investors appear, in spite of defaults, to have lost less heavily on them than on home issues. Also on the same day the Executive of the American Federation of Labour met to consider its attitude towards the New Deal. The Federation leaders are disappointed with the President for not giving them more help in forcing recognition from the employers, and disposed to demand a larger measure of State control, with this object largely in view. In some quarters certain phrases in Mr. Green's presidential address have been interpreted as showing a more favourable attitude to Socialism on the part of the A.F. of L. Actually they go no farther than a demand for more State control on the lines already followed under the N.R.A.

Dr. Schacht as Dictator

The British cotton exporters have refused to send any more goods to Germany until the Germans pay for what they have had already, and a number of other industries are said to be contemplating a similar step. But, of course, Dr. Schacht's tight hand on the supply of foreign exchange makes it quite impossible for him to pay, except in unexchangeable German currency, unless the Reichsbank will let him have the money. If the reports of an American multi-millionaire's fortune passing as a legacy to his German relatives are true, the Reichsbank's supply of foreign exchange is likely to be more than doubled in the near future; but this will at most only ease the situation for a very brief period. Dr. Schacht, by taking over the headship of the German Ministry of Economic Affairs in addition to the Reichsbank, has now become practically dictator of Germany's economic life; yet it is not easy to see how he is to escape from the dilemma that the Germans cannot pay for their imports except with exports, and that they cannot increase their exports without depreciating their currency, if even then. The stoppage of sales to Germany will, if it lasts long, be a serious matter for the Lancashire spinning trade, for the chief export affected is cotton yarn. But it is out of the question for Lancashire to go on supplying goods for which no payment is being made, under conditions which make exceedingly uncertain the ultimate value of the debts. Dr. Schacht is admittedly a man of great resource and assurance; but even he can hardly induce the outside world to go on selling something for nothing.

Poverty and Malnutrition

The Annual Report of the Ministry of Health, which is just published, covers a wide field and offers us a mixture of comfort and discomfort. Slum clearance is progressing, but the provision of low-rented houses still lags badly. The infant mortality rate declined in the last year, but the maternal mortality rate increased. Unemployment

figures fell, but the numbers on out-relief rose. (That, by the way, is not wholly bad if it is due, as in some cases it is, to a less forbidding policy on the part of the public assistance authorities.) The accounts of the "distressed areas" make gloomy reading; no fewer than eight county councils and sixteen county borough councils shared in the special grant during the year. Malnutrition, of course, is widespread; we are surprised—and a little incredulous—to hear from some of the Medical Officers of Health that the cause is "not lack of quantity, but of quality of food," and that "*this is not because of poverty.*" In any case, there is unquestionably in this country to-day a vast mass of poor people needing more food and better food—a shame and a liability to the State. We are glad to know that the cheaper milk for school-children scheme is to come into force on October 1st. This will reduce the price by 50 per cent.; but even so, it is not expected to cover more than about half the total of children in the elementary schools, and among that half there will still be many who are not getting enough milk.

Mr. Hore-Belisha's Bank Holiday

The average life of a Minister of Transport appears to be growing as short nowadays as a Postmaster-General's used to be a little while ago. There have been three Ministers during the life-time to date of the present Parliament, and a week or two ago there was very nearly need of a fourth, Mr. Hore-Belisha narrowly escaping death at the wheels of a car during his first few days of office. The shock, however, has evidently done nothing to abate his ardour for acquiring information at first hand, and during Bank Holiday week-end he carried out a kind of grand tour of the main roads out of London, accompanied by a cloud of witnesses in the shape of officials, journalists and photographers. There is a good deal to be said for his seeing things with his own eyes and for doing everything possible to rub in the enormity of road slaughter, although Mr. Hore-Belisha must be careful not to confuse propaganda for safer driving with publicity for the Minister of Transport. Since statistics show that 80 per cent. of road accidents occur through the fault of pedestrians, the Minister might next go hiking instead of motoring; and someone, we see, following his remarks on cyclists, has offered to lend him a bicycle. His suggestion that bicycles should have "lanes" of their own—as, for example, in parts of Holland—might prove to be a useful reform. Whenever anything is proposed that entails any kind of restriction on the liberty of the cyclist, there are vehement protests; but inconvenience, after all, is presumably preferable to death. The complacency with which the big drop in road deaths this Bank Holiday was recorded by the press, was entirely unjustified. Accidents were fewer because the roads were comparatively uncongested—partly owing to the fact that many people had gone away before the holiday started, partly owing to the rain.

The Steel Trusts

Last Saturday's *Economist* contained an exceptionally full and interesting diagram showing how the British iron and steel industry in all its main branches is under the control of a small number of huge combines, or groups of associated interests. The *Economist* shows the separate groups, though there are quite a number of connecting links between these giants. The list is headed by the Vickers-Armstrong Whitworth group, under which are recorded the names of no fewer than 68 separate companies—and even then the record is by no means exhaustive. Next comes the group headed by United Steel Companies and Stewarts and Lloyds, with 56 concerns, followed at a respectful distance by the Colville-Firth group with 37. Close upon this treads the Guest-Keen-Baldwin group, with 36; then, after a gap, come Dorman Long with 23 companies, Sheffield Steel Products with 20, Allied Iron-founders with 19, Richard Thomas-Whitehead with 12, the Sturdy-Sheepbridge group with 10, and the South Durham-Cargo Fleet group, which shows only 7 associated concerns. These two last are, of course, closely connected with coal as well as steel; and a number of the others have coal-mining properties, though there has been a move away from the pronounced tendency to vertical integration during and immediately after the war. The number of concerns associated in a group is of course no necessary indication of its total size, or Dorman Long, for example, would come higher up the list. But the diagram does bring out both the extraordinary domination of the industry by huge combines, and the extent to which the "steel interest" ramifies into a host of related industries, from coal to electrical engineering, and from iron ore mining to the making of cutlery, screws, ships, locomotives, wagons, and a host of other finished products. If we decide to socialise the industry, these great inter-related combines have certainly prepared the way.

Liberals and Labour

The Liberal Summer School, despite the scarcity of a Liberal Party, has this year been a marked success. It would probably be difficult to find a political gathering in any country where so many notable experts were at the disposal of the audience at one time, or where the level of addresses was more thoughtful and well-informed. It is regrettable that its influence on the political situation must be so slight. There can be no doubt that the subject which most actively interested the School this year was the possibility of co-operation with Labour to secure a working majority for a progressive Government next time—and not wholly for reasons of self-preservation—but it cannot be said that the speeches of either Sir Herbert Samuel or Mr. A. L. Rowse (as a representative of Labour), held out much hope in that direction. What will happen if the Liberals decide to run 200 or more candidates at the next election and only about ten of them, as is more than likely, get home? The next time after that—if there is a next time—Liberals may agree to stand down for Labour, but meanwhile scores of seats will have passed over to the Tories for a further five years of misrule. It is all very well for the Liberals to applaud Mr. Ramsay Muir's moving plea for the liberal spirit—which was admirably put—but they will hardly go the best way about upholding it by fighting Labour. And to gamble on the chances of a Tory split, as some Liberals seem to be doing, is surely a very wild gamble.

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AFTER HINDENBURG

ENGLISHMEN find no difficulty in understanding and respecting the veneration and affection that Germans felt for their dead President. If, after great victories and crushing misfortunes, fate had made Wellington the head of a British Republic, our fathers might have felt for him the same filial devotion that Germans came to feel for Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. The two great soldiers had something in common, simplicity, steadiness, a massive energy in action and a stubborn loyalty to the past of which they were the perfect expression, tempered by a reluctant ability to face the unwelcome realities of their day. They made on their contemporaries the same overwhelming impression of unbending strength, and when in fact they bent, the nation was convinced that all was still well.

It is easy to grasp why Hindenburg won this position in the heart of the nation he had led. Tannenberg was a brilliant military achievement, but emotionally it was something more; it delivered Prussia from the terror of a Cossack invasion. The end, moreover, of the tremendous trial of endurance came in such a way that to the old Field-Marshal who stuck to his post in the hour of disaster was transferred all that was left of the loyalty that the imperial deserter betrayed. As the years went on, this massive old man, who sought neither wealth nor fame, yet offered his broad shoulders to any responsibility, however heavy, became the personification of all that is permanent in German history. He had fought as a young officer for the old Prussian Kingdom; he had seen the Empire declared; he stood unshaken when it fell; he sat stoically in the civilian chair of the Republic; he survived the bloody coming of the Third Realm. While he remained, many a distracted citizen must have felt that amid all the pomps, the vicissitudes and the humiliations, the essential reality of the German tradition lived on unchangeable. Still Germans chose as their head a man who drew his strength from a selfless ideal of duty and honour. He symbolised the continuity of German history. This was the spirit that twice had risen again from the tomb. It re-made Germany after the Thirty Years War and once more after Napoleon had trampled her in the dust. It was because they believed that after 1918 this creative spirit of resurrection lived on in Hindenburg's person, that Germans twice raised him to the Presidency.

It is when one realises the emotional significance of Hindenburg for contemporary Germany that his death becomes an event. The link with the past is snapped. Over the Third Realm presides no longer this venerable incarnation of a great tradition; it stands, in the person of its neurotic Führer, on its own shoddy foundations. One asks how much of the Hindenburg legend can have survived the events of the past two years. Did not the half of Germany which still dreaded and opposed the Nazis in March 1933, throw some part of the blame for what had happened on the President who made him Chancellor? Probably not. The reluctance of the old man to take this step was obvious and notorious. It was generally known that he shrank from any contact with Hitler's personality, as decidedly as he disliked his movement. The action that he took, in January 1933, may have been constitutionally inevitable, for in a distracted and unworkable parliament Hitler was the leader of the largest party. That in no sense contradicted the spirit of the Hindenburg legend. This hero could indeed win brilliant victories, but to his people he had endeared himself above all by his steadiness and endurance when fate was against him. He carried on; he stuck to his post; he fulfilled a repugnant duty according to the rules and the traditions in 1933 as in 1918. He demobilised the stricken Republic, as he had disbanded his beaten armies.

It was not when Hindenburg bent to necessity that he was open to criticism. The passage in his career that history will find it impossible to justify, and difficult to explain, began seven months earlier, when he dismissed Dr. Brüning and called in Herr von Papen. One may say that he was already a sick and broken man, who had lost his clarity of judgment. One may say that this simple soldier was bewildered among the mazes of an unworkable party system, that in fact the constitution had ceased to function. One can understand how Papen dazzled him. Here was a man of his own caste, an ex-soldier, a nobleman, one of the old trustworthy school, who none the less knew his way through all these unintelligible subtleties of politics as easily as any Liberal lawyer or Jewish journalist. So much one may fairly say. But one asks whether the old squire's judgment was not deflected by Dr. Brüning's plans for the break-up of the great bankrupt estates in East Prussia. Whatever charity may urge, the crude fact is that when the President did take the initiative, it was in effect to destroy the Republic he had sworn to maintain. The consequences, however, were not immediately apparent. Papen ruled without rubber truncheons or concentration-camps, and the Reichstag remained in being, no more effete than it had been under Brüning. Through these seven months German republicans could live, not without anxiety indeed, yet without danger or shame. So it happened that the decisive action of Hindenburg's political career, his one enterprising action, left no visible stain on the legend. For the rest he bowed to fate.

His departure in one sense makes no difference. His infirmities had rendered him for a year or more incapable of action, and we may doubt whether he had even tried to influence the course of events, except when he covered Papen with his public approval, and saved his skin in the massacre of last June. Nothing has changed, save that only a reckless underwriter would now insure Papen's life. And yet in the emotional outlook of half Germany it may well be that everything has changed. While Hindenburg lived, there was theoretically the hope of rescue; he had behind him an irresistible army that would obey him and a nation that revered him; he and no other could have removed the Führer without the risk of a destructive civil war. That hope is gone. There is no one left in Germany who has the right, or the prestige, or the power to check the actions of the most absolute ruler Europe has ever known. In the same moment this nation loses its link with the past, and sees its destinies in the unchecked hands of a madman. That word may sound far-fetched. When one listens to the Führer's oratory one knows that one is in the presence of a diseased mind. The events of last June compel us to class him as a dangerous victim of the mania of persecution and the

folie des grandeurs. This, one reflects, was his first massacre; it will not be the last. A great and highly civilised nation lies at the mercy of an unstable neurotic, capable of explosive outbreaks of calculated fury, and at his side, the only personality that may be able to guide him, stands Göring, who is on his record rather more brutal and much more reckless than the Führer himself. And that is not the worst. Beyond this passive Germany lies a divided and unorganised Europe, which reacts to the threat only by the answering lunacy of armaments.

Absolute this Führer may be, but certainly he is not omnipotent. Like the parliamentary leaders he despises, he, too, must placate great interests and study such drifts of instinctive feeling as may have survived the dragooning of public opinion. Mass emotion does not as yet concern him; he is confident that he can still cope with it by propaganda and amuse it by pageantry; in the last resort he will crush it and terrorise it, as he crushed the less reliable part of the Brown Army. For his former paymasters, the captains of great industry, he has more respect. Indeed, the most plausible explanation of the June massacre is that it was a megalomaniac's response to the revolt of the Rhenish industrialists. They told him to discipline the pseudo-revolutionary Left; convincing himself that he was asserting his own personal authority, he promptly obeyed them. It is probable that he will continue to obey them. Is wealth enough, then, to sustain an absolute tyranny? It can buy the press and the air; it can hire a police force and an army. At that one halts with a question. Is the Reichswehr merely a mercenary professional force? That is a needlessly insulting view to take of it. Its tradition was one of blind obedience to its legitimate sovereign. Can it feel this loyalty to a corporal turned demagogue, even if he has the Krupps and the Thyssens behind him? It may develop a critical conscience. Failing that, for the elimination of this madman one waits on economics, and the discontent, if not the active revolt, of the workers.

TROUBLE IN THE SUGAR PARADISE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

SWEETNESS is a well-known quality of sugar, and since the war life has proved remarkably sweet for those who have had to sell or grow or manufacture or consume it in the United Kingdom. Between 1920–21 and 1931–32 the amount of sugar retained for consumption nearly doubled—although an appreciable setback has occurred since. During this period the nation ate more and more sugar, and owing to the world-wide craze for sugar production at almost any cost we got our imported supplies dirt cheap. The retail price of sugar per lb., which had rocketed up to 1*s*. 2*d*. in 1920, fell to an average of less than 3½d. by 1925, and has been below 2½*d*. since 1930. During the past two years the pre-war retail price of 2*d*. has frequently been touched, while the average import price has lately been less than half the pre-war figure. The fall in price has been accompanied by enlarged consumption per head.

Unfortunately, the craze for sugar growing has proved contagious. We could not resist the temptation to join the mugs at their own game, and since 1924 we have ourselves made a present of just over £40 millions of State money to the new British sugar beet industry. At the beginning of the economy panic of 1931 we were spending just over 3*s*. 4½*d*. per head of population upon this national toy, not including what we afterwards paid for the sugar itself across the counter. So the sugar paradise was extended to include beet sugar growers and manufacturers. The grower was happy, the sugar beet manufacturer was happy, the refiner was happy, the chocolate and confectionery manufacturer who uses sugar as his raw material was happy, the distributor was happy and even the wretched consumer was happy. In this golden age everyone, in fact, was happy except the Treasury, and even the Treasury appeared to object less firmly to spending £40 millions of the taxpayers' money on an industry which would melt away as soon as subvention ceased than to frittering lesser sums upon such trivial objects as the permanent re-housing of low-paid workers, the provision of health and education services, or the collection and publication of essential facts and statistics.

It is distressing to see trouble now invading this sugar paradise. When the Agricultural Marketing Acts changed the rural scene the Treasury, which had never felt quite easy about disgorging that £40,000,000, devised an ingenious scheme for making use of them. Shorn of its many intricacies of detail the arrangement was perfectly simple. The sugar beet growers on the one hand and the refiners and beet manufacturers on the other were to put up reorganisation schemes under the Agricultural Marketing Acts, and so make themselves appear respectable institutions. The growers would thus consolidate their vested interests by the establishment of a centralised Board, launched with the blessing of the Government and capable of fighting any suggestion that it might be more economic for us to buy our sugar from the tropics than to try to transmute it at vast expense from the feebler northern sun. The refiners and beet manufacturers would set up a statutory compulsory cartel, in permanent monopolistic control of British sugar supplies, and call it by the euphonious title of a Marketing Board, although of course it would have nothing to do with marketing. The Treasury, in return for its good offices in promoting the deal, would be freed of the inconvenient necessity of finding the beet subsidy out of revenue. In future, by an adroit device which hardly anyone would notice, the necessary sum would be collected through the new machinery of the industry, by means of a levy which would of course fall upon the ultimate consumer.

The Agricultural Marketing Acts have been understood to be intended to provide the elements of organisation for small farmers scattered all over the country, and for such satellite processing industries as bacon curing and fruit canning. They provide among other things that statutory producers' boards may take power for compulsory control of sales, and for the allocation of quotas from time to time should this be necessary in order to share cuts or expansions of supply fairly among the producers.

Notice how far we are moving from the original purpose of the Acts. Here is a product three-quarters of which is produced abroad. Why stop here? After all, wool and leather and tobacco are agricultural products, too, and are produced at home, more or less. Why not a Boot and Shoe Marketing Board? Why not a joint Tobacco Scheme to co-ordinate a handful of growers in Hampshire and elsewhere with Imperial Tobacco? Or why worry whether any of the product is grown at home at all—why not reorganise the chocolate manufacturers under a Cocoa Marketing Board? Nor are the refiners and beet manufacturers particularly backward in industry organisation. On the contrary, there are already only twenty-two firms in the trade, and they work closely together through the General Committee of the United Kingdom Sugar Industry, which has been operating a quota system by agreement since March 1933. For this purpose no statutory scheme is needed. The one important power which a statutory scheme can give the industry apart from those which it enjoys is the power of legal compulsion, and in particular the power to keep out new entrants by fixing quotas which will only be given to members of the existing family party.

The amended Hops Marketing Scheme, lately approved by

a sleepy House of Commons well after midnight, went some way in this direction, but it at least set a five-year limit upon the statutory monopoly, left some hope for new entrants in the event of an unexpected expansion of demand, and arranged for the operation of the scheme through a joint committee of the only two interests closely concerned—the brewers and the hopgrowers—with independent members to hold the balance between them. Further, it settled a five-year agreed price much lower than the price which was actually paid in 1933. The sugar scheme as it stands has no such safeguards. The transfer of that inconvenient subsidy from the Exchequer to the consumer makes a rise in price certain. This rise will be resented not only by the housewife, but by the manufacturer of chocolate and confectionery, particularly when after using the sugar as his raw material he has to sell the finished product in a competitive world market. Unattractive as the prospect of shouldering the sugar subsidy must look to the domestic consumer, it is still less likely to appeal to the foreign consumer, who will be lucky if he is not himself as a taxpayer forced to contribute to the upkeep of a little sugar paradise in his own country, to which paradise consumers are not admitted.

In this conflict the consumers happen to have as their champions some of the strongest and most progressive firms in British industry, whose interests are threatened, and their case is being fought to the limit. It is interesting to speculate how much of a hearing they would have got and who would have championed them had nearly all the consumption been a concern not of powerful companies, but simply of individual housewives—as it is, for example, with bacon and liquid milk.

The sugar industry must be given credit for trying to make the best of a bad job. The creation during the past ten years of an artificially fostered home beet sugar production, dependent on a costly dole from the Exchequer, has introduced anomalies and uncertainties which the industry scheme sets out to correct, through co-ordination of the parts under State supervision. The anomaly of dependence on subsidies will be removed, but only at the expense of the consumer. Stability will be achieved, and there will probably be some scope for lowering costs and (provided the will is there) for passing these benefits on to the consumer. But this hope, however substantial, will hardly reconcile the consumer to shouldering the subsidy burden.

This sugar conflict, which will probably come to a head when the scheme is before Parliament next winter, raises fundamental issues on which it will be worth making up our minds. Are we to conclude that it is all a huge racket? Before doing that we are bound to remember that the Treasury and not the sugar industry really inspired the scheme, that a variety of British Governments since 1924 have participated in building up the uneconomic part of the industry, and that to reject the scheme does not solve the subsidy problem. If the British sugar beet industry is unjustified in the national interest, let us cut our loss and kill it and take the responsibility. If on the other hand it is justified, either as a safeguard against a sugar famine in a possible future war, or for the sake of balanced agriculture or for other reasons, then the only practical question is how it is to be subsidised in future. Shall the subsidy come direct out of the Exchequer as most of it now does, or shall it take the form of Customs tariff or quota regulation of imports, or shall the industry carry out something on the lines of its present proposal to spread the subsidy over the whole of its receipts? Before describing this last proposal as monstrous we should do well to remember that for years the London bus passenger has helped to subsidise London's Underground railways; that every letter we post subsidises some no doubt worthy but certainly unrelated activity of government, and that almost every large concern, publicly or privately or co-operatively owned, carries on some part of its operations at a loss which is borne, consciously or not, by those who patronise its more profitable branches.

Whether the subsidy should be paid by the taxpayer or the consumer is an important question, but there are even more important ones. Is the purpose of the subsidy sound and in the public interest? Is there adequate provision for preventing waste and exploitation? Are we to experiment with a new technique open to effective review from time to time, or are we to confer a perpetual monopoly?

We should resist the temptation to treat these questions as matters of black and white. They involve conflicts between right and right as well as conflicts between right and wrong. Large-scale organisation in industry must come. Blindly to oppose it is like opposing abortion; you do not prevent it; it happens anyhow; and you merely ensure that it shall be done in the most undesirable way, instead of openly and with proper safeguards. The backstairs expedients which are being adopted in industry in order to prevent undercutting are partly due to our reluctance as a nation to admit that some restriction of competition, if not a limited monopoly, may be a lesser evil than economic anarchy. When we recognise this it follows that the State should allow industries which wish to take special powers to do so under enabling legislation, but that if the powers they want amount to a monopoly they cannot have them without accepting adequate and continuous public control. Then we define our new economic conventions and we all know where we stand. So long as we cling to worn-out economic taboos we stimulate ingenuity in defying them by somewhat devious means, and we must expect more and more trouble of the type that has arisen in the sugar paradise.

A LONDON DIARY

I HEAR a rumour that the L.C.C. propose to take over St. George's Hospital, and rebuild it on the present site. I expect and hope that this is not true, for it is a most unsuitable position for a hospital, with a continual thunder of traffic on three sides of it. The rebuilding of the Middlesex on its old site was already a folly. Obviously we require hospitals for casualties and out-patients in each district, but the chief hospitals ought to be where air and sun and quiet can be obtained. An objection often urged against such a decentralisation is that it would be inconvenient for visitors; but the effective objection, I suspect, comes from the doctors, who naturally do not like to be far from their Harley Street consulting-rooms. In any case, no reasoned arrangement of the London hospital service can be made so long as the hospitals remain independent. The "voluntary" hospital, like the public school, is a survival from the past which excites Cabinet Ministers, millionaires and bishops to pat themselves on the back; the public gives its money, the doctors give their services, it is all, we are told, "so generous, so English." In fact the system has grave disadvantages. It produces petty jealousies and wasteful competition between the hospitals, and also among the doctors. It prevents the reasonable complaints of patients being ventilated, for they are profiting from charity and have no right to complain. It allows the governors of the hospitals to indulge their prejudices. (Witness the grotesque regulation of the private lives of the nurses, and the blind opposition to women doctors, however competent.) And, finally, it forces hospital doctors into the competitive and dubious atmosphere of Harley Street. Many of the most promising young doctors rightly resent this, and now prefer to go to L.C.C. hospitals where they can devote themselves entirely to their science. I should be delighted to see the L.C.C. take over St. George's, but I believe they would have the sense not to rebuild it on the present site.

* * *

Last week I went to the International Congress of Anthropologists and Ethnologists. I saw a fascinating gallimaufry of nationalities and types, elderly administrators, nuns, youthful scientists and negro ecclesiastics. Some fine squabbles resulted, particularly between the missionaries, who, naturally, wish to stamp out heathen customs, and the "pure" anthropologists, who regard the break-up of a culture as a vandalism worse than the demolition of a Gothic cathedral. There is certainly something pathetic in the devotion of European missionaries

who give up their lives to spreading among savages "truths" which their own more civilised compatriots have for the most part rejected. On the other hand, it is impossible (even if it were desirable or humane), to preserve backward peoples from contact with exterior cultures. Communists, like Christians, have convictions and a creed to export. But what mythology, what beliefs, have the rest of us to bring the African or the Polynesian? We have a philosophy based on the use of reason and the desire for human happiness which we believe to be the fine fruit of a long tradition, but it is a philosophy which even in our own culture commands the assent only of a minority. Can we then hope for success in preaching rationalism to the Arunta and the Andaman Islanders? Peoples so backward as these will probably become extinct, or be preserved only as specimens in anthropological man-sanctuaries. But we can hardly envisage the disappearance of the vast native populations of Africa, and how these are to be educated from a belief in witchcraft into a humane agnosticism remains mysterious. Some people consider that Islam would provide the best intermediate stage, others press the claims of Christianity. Meanwhile in some countries the camel and the human pack-animal are being replaced directly by the motor and the aeroplane, and the stage of traffic development represented by the railway is simply omitted.

* * *

Two points of practical importance emerged from the Congress. In the first place, it is essential that all colonial administrators should receive an anthropological training. In Australia all entrants to the service are now obliged to take such a course, and here the Colonial Office, I believe, encourage an increasing number of their officials to do the same. At the Congress I heard almost incredible stories of the ignorance of administrators. One official after a year in a post still did not realise that his people were matrilinear—indeed, did not know that the matrilinear system existed. And another, also in Australia, was unaware that for his subjects the worst that could happen to a man was to come face to face with his mother-in-law. The second point is the necessity of a change of policy with respect to witchcraft in Africa. Experienced officials, one after another, condemned the laws regarding this, which they had spent their lives administering. Our present policy apparently is to deny the efficacy of all witchcraft (though the natives continue to believe in it absolutely), and at the same time to punish those who practise it, irrespective of whether the magic is "good" or "bad." I think that a convincing case was made for ceasing to antagonise the practitioner of "good" witchcraft, and indeed for using his support to gain the sympathy of subject peoples.

* * *

In the last few days a new and terrifying use of the telephone has come my way—new to me, anyhow, though probably it is well enough known in America. The technique was as follows. The telephone bell rang and a woman's voice said: "Sir Henry Lunn would like you to hear a broadcast on Oberammergau." Innocently, I asked "When?" supposing I was being invited to listen-in to a coming B.B.C. talk; to which I received the startling reply "Now. If you will just hold on I will switch you over." "But how long will it take?" I protested. "Just two minutes; hold the line." I was then switched over to an unmistakable gramophone record from which there poured into my ear a recital of the beauties of Oberammergau, a little potted history, a dissertation upon the cheapness and excellence of the hotels, and a postscript on the incomparable advantages of making my reservations through Messrs. Lunns' travel agency. It was they—i.e. Sir Henry Lunn, Ltd.—who were providing me with this entertainment, not Sir Henry himself, who I believe is no longer in the business. You must admire their nerve. Any capacity for astonishment which I had left was taken from me by the original voice, when the "broadcast" was over, inviting me to apply for further particulars or give the names of friends of mine who would be interested. I'm afraid I proved an unsatisfactory customer—but really, what next? Each time the telephone has rung since I have feared it may be an advertiser.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss Margaret Macnamara.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Hindenburg . . . With an English, rather than a German, modesty—for he was a "gentleman" at root—he had all the moral qualities of leadership.—Editorial in *Observer*.

Refuse dumps at Linford, Essex, are being searched—for radium. The search is being kept secret.—*Evening Standard*.

In so far as it goes to show how completely British instinct is opposed either to the creation of new crimes or the successful exploitation of old ones the Old Bailey's record is one of which the country can well be proud.—*Evening News* Editorial.

Lord Lothian said he was prepared to co-operate on the basis of an individualistic system. "If the Socialists will accept the Liberal policy we shall be prepared to call ourselves Socialists."—*Oxford Mail*.

Is Shakespeare a suitable entertainment for Sundays? Several of Shakespeare's plays have been broadcast lately on Sundays, and I have felt decidedly uncomfortable in company when I have been obliged to listen to the vulgarities of this famous dramatist.—Letter in *Pearson's Weekly*.

A thrilling man-hunt in which bloodhounds took part near Chichester during the week-end was revealed at Aldershot yesterday. It is alleged that a soldier of the Royal Engineers stationed at Aldershot absented himself from his barracks and was understood to have gone to Selsey, near his home. . . . A large force of police, aided by bloodhounds, then carried out an extensive search for more than twenty hours, but without result.

Then news came that the wanted man was in a house nearby. But when the pursuers arrived at the front door a man dashed out at the back. With pursuers close on his heels the man stumbled into a quagmire. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the bloodhounds were checked a short distance away.—*Daily Mirror*.

Hampton Court . . . People are always on their best behaviour there, as if conscious of being the guests of monarchs.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The 4th of August was a sacred date. The unrest in the world to-day was similar to what it was twenty years ago, and the Power that caused that unrest then was the same Power that was causing it to-day. . . . The best method of preventing war was to have a Navy strong enough to preserve peace, as it had done in the past.—Lord Beatty reported in the *Times*.

Once again England is reverting to heathenism, and under the car of Juggernaut victims are daily hurled. Even children are sacrificed unto the devils of speed and selfishness. So many accidents could be avoided by a little unselfishness and thoughtfulness that one essential condition for a driving licence should be a certificate for this Christian quality, to be obtained from the vicar.—Parish magazine.

It used to be said that you could always spot an Englishman in cosmopolitan company by the way he wore his flannels. There is evidently a very high standard now throughout the Empire.—*Evening News*.

The parson of a village where a friend of mine lives was perturbed at the persistent shortage of rain. Cattle and roots were suffering; the outlook was gloomy. He decided to pray for rain at morning service the next Sunday.

Then a troublesome thought struck him. "No," he told my friend, "not next Sunday; I shall put it off till the Sunday after. *I'm not going to do anything to spoil the Test Match.*"—*Sunday Times*.

PRISON

"WELL, how did you get on?" I asked my patient, who had just done three months for defrauding the local Public Assistance Committee. "Oh, I got on all right; they are real gentlemen there, and they treat you like a gentleman. The only complaint I've got is that they don't give you enough fat, and I'm very partial to fat; but I spoke to the Governor about it, and he said he'd see what he could do." "But wasn't it all a bit monotonous?" I asked. "Of course, there wasn't much to do there; but we had lecturers and singers and musicians down to entertain us; and other times we used to sit on the floor round the fire and have debates. Some of the chaps there were fine talkers, and things used to get a bit lively at times." It was evident to me that my patient was suffering from a mild nostalgia; and that the "liberty" he had recovered was a doubtful exchange for the security and amenities he had lost.

Here is another experience. A young working-man of eighteen, who happened to be a neighbour of mine in the country, played some biological tricks with a young woman who worked at an adjacent farm. The facts were obvious and could not be disputed. I paid a barrister to do his best to get him sent to prison rather than for three years to Borstal. In this he succeeded, the sentence being six months in the county prison, a building of the old-fashioned sort. A month later I inquired of the lad's mother if she had any news of him. She told me that she got a letter from the matron nearly every week; that the matron had told her he seemed happy and comfortable, in spite of a cold in the head. He had, however, been kept in bed for a couple of days, and was "now quite well again." He was doing bricklaying and was getting very good at it. At the end of his term of imprisonment this young man came to see me. I hardly recognised him. From a weedy, shifty-looking youth you wouldn't feel safe in leaving your cat with for a week, he had developed into a wholesome young man who could frankly look you in the face, giving the impression that he could be trusted to fulfil any responsibility he undertook. From that day to this he has not only been a good workman, but obviously has been getting more out of life than he ever did before. I would like, also, to talk about a friend of mine who was sentenced to eighteen months in Wormwood Scrubs. When I went to see him he said he had nothing to grouse about. "The only people who have a rotten time in this prison are the warders. They've got a dog's job, and they're nearly all of them awfully decent chaps." But there isn't room for his story in this article; and, anyway, my friend would—and perhaps will—tell it better than I could.

Heaven knows, there is plenty of scope for the improvement of English prisons; but, on the other hand, I am sure that very few people have the least idea of the enormous changes that have taken place and are still taking place in prison administration. Much of the abuse that is poured out by well-meaning, but ill-informed, persons is no longer relevant. This sort of criticism not only does not help, but definitely hinders prison reform, and checks the development of an intelligent attitude to the problems raised by crime and its practitioners. How many people, for instance, know that the rightly condemned "separate system" has quite disappeared from our prisons; or that all that remains of "hard labour" is that a prisoner so sentenced has to do without a mattress for the first fourteen days of his sentence? If the prisoner is under sixteen or over sixty, or is a woman, even this deprivation is remitted. In an informing book, recently published, on *The English Prison*, Mr. L. W. Fox, the Secretary to the Prison Commission, tells us that "to-day, no mechanical restraint of any sort is used inside the prison, either for safe custody or for punishment." Another excellent work* on contemporary prison life has been written by Dr. Hamblin Smith, who for thirty-five years acted as Medical Officer in various English prisons. His contributions to the study of criminal psychology are well known. It is a book which everyone interested in the subject ought to read. The author is far from complacent as to present penological practice, but he tells us that "much of what in prison life is regarded by outsiders as very horrible is not so regarded by the ordinary prisoner; whilst much which such a prisoner finds very objectionable often appears to the outsider as trivial, or even admirable."

A good deal of the very general woolly-mindedness that exists over this business of law and punishment is due to the popular confusion of law-abidingness with morality. A criminal is merely a person who has broken the law—the sinfulness or virtuousness of his act being, from a penological point of view, irrelevant. It will be generally agreed that no human society can be run without rules or laws; and all experience and observation make it clear that, no matter what the conditions of that society, certain individuals will observe the rules laid down by the majority only if penalties for their breach attach to them. That the problem of crime is not simply one of economic or social readjustment an hour's observation of the traffic on our main thoroughfares should convince the most sentimental. A determinist may plead that no man, being what he is, can, in given circumstances, act other than as he does. The answer to this is that considerations of expediency compel us so to modify those circumstances as to deter him from anti-social acts. If his egoism is excessive, or his impulses of *camaraderie* and consideration for others are weak, he must be deterred, out of care for his own skin, purse, or liberty, from creating social disharmony. Social well-being is more likely to be promoted by such means than by attempts to reconstruct the abnormal emotional make-up of an adult man. Dr. Hamblin Smith, although a convinced Freudian and an enthusiastic advocate of the full psychological investigation of every convicted criminal, with a view to his classification and appropriate treatment, warns us against assuming that "all criminal conduct can be obviated by psychological measures"; and points out that "it is one thing to investigate a case in the light of the newer psychological theories, but quite another matter to treat a case by one of the new psychological methods." He says elsewhere: "Improve social and economic conditions as far as may be, yet we shall still have individuals who cannot or will not fit in with the demands of society. It is not easy to see what alternative to imprisonment, as a final penalty, can be devised." Let us, by all means, make our prisons as humane, as healthy, and as little demoralising as we can, short of destroying their deterrent effect—remembering that it is the certainty rather than the severity of punishment which is the important deterrent factor. But let us concentrate our main efforts on so improving social and economic conditions as to make law-abiding life attractive to as many people as possible, and thus reduce the number of those who will be tempted to commit punishable crimes. On the whole, facts and figures lend encouragement to criminological enterprise along these lines. The considerable social reforms of the last twenty years have coincided with a steady fall in the population of our prisons, especially in the number of those imprisoned for non-indictable—that is, relatively trivial—offences, the figure for 1931 being only about one-quarter of that which obtained before the war. On the other hand, the number of indictable offences, including housebreaking and shoplifting, reported to the police has pronouncedly increased. Here we are apparently dealing with a more determined type of anti-social individual, who trusts to his skill in evading arrest. Thus, in 1930, whereas 147,000 indictable offences were reported to the police, only 66,000 persons were proceeded against in respect of them; and of these about 10,000 were not convicted.

The fact that nearly one-half of the men and women sentenced for offences other than drunkenness have been in prison before has led to a widespread belief that a very big proportion of those whom we send to prison become recidivists.

* *Prisons.* By M. Hamblin Smith. *Lane.* 2s. 6d.

As a matter of fact, some 90 per cent. of all first-timers do not return to prison at all. A significant statement in Mr. Fox's book is that "a substantial part of the prison population consists of a stage army of individuals who pass through the prisons again and again," and he adds: "evidently some ten per cent. of prisoners are neither reformed nor deterred by their first term of imprisonment." It is often assumed that the existence of recidivism proves the ineffectiveness of imprisonment as a deterrent to law-breaking; but this conclusion, as the above figures show, does not follow. Moreover, imprisonment acts as a deterrent on people who never go to prison at all. But for the fear of legal punishment, and the social ostracism that goes with it, who shall say how many of us would continue to place the well-being and harmony of society above our immediate personal interests? Fellow-feeling on a world scale, or even on a national scale, is still with many people a weaker impulsive force than pride, greed, and love of comfort. We need to beware of over-sentimentalising in this matter. We live in a conditioned world, and a human society without limitation of the expression of individual impulse is unattainable. Far more important and more urgent than the "reformation" of prisoners (most of whom are in no more need of moral reformation than are their law-abiding neighbours), or even of prisons, is the reform of our laws and of our social and economic systems so as to bring them into closer agreement with contemporary ideas of justice and fair play. To quote Dr. Hamblin Smith: "A well-ordered community would provide every one of its members with employment at a proper wage, and take steps to see that each member did his or her best in that employment. If he or she failed to do so, then the State should take drastic steps, far more drastic than those which it now takes against a few of its subjects. It must never be forgotten that for the vast majority of persons, in this and other 'civilised' countries, economic security is non-existent. The surprising thing is, not that a few fall into crime, but that a vast number do not do so."

HARRY ROBERTS

FACTS AND THEORIES

(The centenary of the Abolition of Slavery was celebrated last week.)

"YET what practical mind can assent to the schemes
Of these spinners of theories, dreamers of dreams?
The ideals they uphold, as we said from the start,
May do credit, perhaps, to their goodness of heart—
But how vast were the ruin, should nations be led
By softness of heart joined to softness of head!

"Can pity or sentiment alter what springs
From the facts of man's life, from the nature of things;
Which has Scriptural warrant; which, history discloses,
Economic necessity firmly imposes
As a natural law, as the wisest and best
Of all nations, all times, and all creeds have confessed?

"Could we move in the matter alone? Can we see
But one chance in a hundred all States would agree?
No! whatever these theorists tell us, their plan
Runs counter, 'tis clear, to the nature of man;
And man's nature, for good or for evil remains
Unchanged through all ages; so Heaven ordains."

* * *

If you think I am quoting the press of to-day
On the fight against war, you are wildly astray.
I have summed up the case (which we tend to forget)
By which Wilberforce, Buxton, and Clarkson were met.
If we study it closely, I think we may find
Some new light on the worth of the practical mind.

MACFLECKNOE

ACTIVITIES

IT is one of the worst things about a holiday that nobody is content to sit still and do nothing. After breakfast the visitors at the hotel stroll languidly out on to the sunny lawn and let themselves down into deck-chairs, looking as if they neither desired nor were capable of effort. They are almost too lazy to read the newspapers they are holding. To draw tobacco-smoke into their mouths and puff it out again seems to be the greatest strain they are willing to put on their muscular system for the day. The air they are breathing is probably as good air as is to be found anywhere in the neighbourhood. There is no reason why any of them should budge till lunch-time except to pat the black spaniel that goes restlessly on his rounds, wagging his tail in greeting to strangers. In the mild wind the poplar leaves make a soothing and monotonous sound like rain. The crow of the cock, the quack of a duck, unmusical as they are, are on such a morning the music of idle summer. How unenviable seems the world outside the garden—the foolish motorists packed in their closed cars, the hikers in their strange costumes, and all the noisy traffic of those who cannot be still!

You would imagine that no one with ordinary common sense could be tempted out of his chair while the sun continued to shine. Yet so strong is the passion for going somewhere else that, one by one or two by two, the visitors rise and disappear in their cars or set off to the river or make with grim determination for the top of the only hill that is visible for miles. In less than an hour you notice that the lawn is deserted except for yourselves. Then you, too, begin to be aware of a mysterious stirring in your blood, like a bird at the migration season. You have hired a boat for the week-end on the previous evening, and you cannot resist the summons of the boat. You go down to the riverside to sit down on an extremely hard seat and pull hard into the teeth of a wind that is blowing three times as strong there as in the garden. I confess I find rowing extraordinarily tiring. When I am on the bank I envy people in a boat, but when I am rowing a boat I feel far from enviable. I try steering instead, but, whether it is that the rowers are pulling unevenly or that the wind is forcing the nose of the boat out of a straight course, I find that steering also is a full-time job. In avoiding one bank I make for the other, which in its turn has to be avoided. Swimmers, too, get into the way. I carefully twist round a bather blindly trudgeoning his way across the river, his face buried deep in the water at one moment and then emerging with a vast puffing and gasping, as though he were on the verge of an apoplectic stroke. I thought to myself, as I watched some of these violent swimmers, how overworked they would feel if they did this sort of thing under compulsion. Floating in salt water I can understand as a holiday recreation, but this swimming at racing speed is the very negation of indolence. Nor was the tall man standing in the punt and toiling along the stream with his punt-pole a figure emblematic of August idleness. He, too, was one of the world's workers, sweating after happiness. It was as though the curse of Adam had fallen on man, not only at labour, but at play. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," has been given the addition: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou enjoy holidays."

And the odd thing is that it is only during holidays that many of us become victims of this passion for the strenuous life. I myself, if I wished, could take a walk, for example, on almost any day of the year; but I seldom do so. I can find a hundred excuses for sitting in a chair or for being driven from this place to that instead of walking. Let me loose on a holiday, however, and, before I know what I am doing, I am walking till I feel more tired than after the hardest day's work I have ever done in my life. I doubt, indeed, whether work is really as tiring as pleasure. After a day's work one has a refreshing sense that the thing is over, and one is now a free man. After a day's pleasure, walking to the top of a hill and

back again or on the golf-course, however, one has—or at least I have—a feeling of utter exhaustion. It usually takes me a full working week to recover physically from a week's pleasure. Last week, I regretted setting out for the top of the little hill long before I had reached the top of it. Sky-blue butterflies fluttered in hundreds among the long grass as one climbed, and even on a Bank Holiday the world was empty of one's fellow-men to the hills on the sky-line. But, even with these compensations, what a toil it was to trudge up the slope! What gouts of sweat fell from what exhausted temples! One of my companions announced that he had been told of a short cut home over the fields. That would have revived my drooping spirits but for the fact that, after a long experience of them, I have a rooted distrust of short cuts. My distrust was justified. We entered a field of stubble, where the foot sank at every step into the soft earth. We passed into another field of stubble, where the going was still heavier. When we had walked more miles than the outward journey, we were obviously farther from our hotel than ever. At last we met a tramp sitting at the edge of a field, who suggested that the best way to get home was to go back to the road at the point at which we had started on the short cut. There was no road before us, he assured us, if we went forward. We should reach the river, however, and could find a way home along the towpath. When we reached the towpath, three anglers were lying asleep on the banks, fishing in their sleep with their heads lying on the butts of their fishing-rods so that a bite would awaken them. How pleasant it must be to be able to sleep in the daytime! How much better than tramping, endlessly tramping through stubble-fields! We arrived back an hour late for lunch, a wreck of my morning self. The visitor who was supposed to have spoken of the short cut explained that he had recommended the walk home through the fields not as a short cut, but because of its beauty. It was, as a matter of fact, he said, several miles longer than the way home by the road. But how invisible beauty, even the beauty of the blue chicory in the cornfields, becomes when one is looking for a short cut and not finding it!

There were, I admit, compensations during the afternoon. Restlessness drove us to the boat once more. Once more we toiled up-stream at the oar and the rudder. And, as we toiled, I caught sight of a bird as it disappeared into a thorn-bush. We rowed slowly towards the bush, and, as we approached it, a kingfisher flew out and off up the river. Even the tired helmsman is stirred into new life by the sight of a kingfisher. There is no other bird that seems in its flight to be an insubstantial thing, made entirely of light and colour. It is a rapid blue flame that sometimes mingles with a rapid red flame when the sun catches its breast-feathers. We pulled the boat in under a willow farther down the river and waited for the reappearance of the kingfisher while motor-boats and punts laboured past. After a time it obliged us by perching on a post under the opposite bank. It was a mere speck of blue when its back was turned towards us, of red when its breast was turned, but we sat still and watched it in the hope of seeing it diving or taking to flight again. It scarcely moved for a quarter of an hour, but its presence and the reflections of the clouds and the willows in the sunny water made it easy to be patient. After a time, another shaft of blue light sped through the air and was lost in a willow. It uttered a cry, and the kingfisher opposite joined it. We waited patiently for their reappearance, and when our patience was exhausted pulled the boat as quietly as tiptoeing over to the willow. We approached it so silently that neither of the birds was aware of our presence when we caught hold of its branches. The bird that was perched on a lower branch, almost within arm's length, was moving its head up and down as though hiccoughing after an excess of fish. A stranger appeared behind the tree and frightened the parent bird. It fluttered round the younger, crying to it to leave the tree, but in the end had to go off alone. The younger remained, sometimes staring down its beak into the water, sometimes preening its feathers, and shifting on its perch so that now we saw its breast and now its back. Midges bit us, but we dared not move a hand to brush them away. I longed for a cigarette but was afraid to make a noise by lighting one. If you care for this sort of thing, you are ready to undergo all kinds of hardships simply in order to be able to go on staring at the back of a kingfisher. That path of lustrous pale blue leading from neck to tail between the short dark wings is certainly one of the loveliest spectacles in Nature. After a time the other bird returned, and the pair of them took up their positions at the mouth of a tributary stream and began diving for fish. From where I was sitting I could not see them as they touched the water, but even to hear the plop was worth abstaining from smoking for. And yet, after watching the kingfishers for the better part of an hour, I must confess that the bird is not quite so beautiful when seen sitting still, close at hand, as during flight. It is only when speeding through the air that the blue of its back and the chestnut of its breast reach their full perfection of colour and fire. In flight, it becomes the precious stone among birds and more beautiful than any precious stone. It is one of Nature's arguments against rest and in favour of activity. It may be that holiday-makers bathing and punting along the river in summer white are others.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

FRENCH POLITICS

SIR,—Will you allow me to add one or two points to my article on the "Conflicting Forces in France." The article was written largely under the impression of complete bewilderment in the Radical Party—a bewilderment which was revealed only too clearly by M. Herriot who, speaking at Lyons last week, admitted that he and his Radical colleagues decided not to leave the Doumergue Government after the Tardieu episode, simply because they were afraid of street riots and of a new election which might develop into civil war. His speech showed once again that the Radicals were still allowing themselves to be blackmailed into supporting the National Government by the threat of new street rioting.

Since then many Radicals have begun to realise that the situation was, in the long run, intolerable; and during the past week there have been signs that they are at last pulling themselves together. They are beginning to make serious efforts to discover a majority in Parliament which will allow them to form a Government that will be free of people like Tardieu. They have in mind the formation of a "Tiers Parti" (a name reminiscent of the democratic Tiers Etat of 1789), which would be, in effect, a coalition of the "sincerely democratic forces" stretching from the Neo-Socialists on the Left to the Flandin Group in the Centre, with the Radicals and the Gauche Radicale as its largest component parts. The proposed formation of such a Tiers Parti means that the Radicals have given up all hope for the present of regaining the support of the Socialists. The Socialists themselves hold that the Cartel des Gauches was a failure, simply because the Radicals applied in practice a programme which was much more in keeping with the programme of the Centre than with that of the Socialists; and that the coalition between the Radicals and the Centre would be much more logical than any attempt to revive the Cartel. It is probable that, with the Neo-Socialists playing an important part in the new Government, this will be more enterprising than the Doumergue Government with its orthodox financial methods.

It looks as though the Radicals were now making every effort to prepare the ground for such a democratic coalition; if they succeed, then the fall of the Doumergue Government after the summer recess will no longer be dangerous; for a new Government will be ready to take its place. If they fail, then France may be faced with serious trouble, which the Radicals can avert only by submitting to another indefinite period of servitude and "blackmail." And even if there is a Dissolution and a General Election, such an election can pass off normally only if the "sincerely democratic" part of the Centre, the Radicals and the Neo-Socialists can offer the country the prospect of a solid democratic coalition in the new Chamber.

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

TOWARDS A CLASSLESS EDUCATION

SIR,—As a Socialist and a teacher I read with great interest the article, "Towards a Classless Education," in your current issue. There are, as the writer suggests, many important omissions from Labour's education policy ("Labour and Education," Policy Report No. 8). The National Association of Labour Teachers are trying to amend the report in order to supply at least some of them.

Education is fundamental if the present system of society is to be replaced by Socialism, and towards that end we suggest:

(1) The Common Public Primary School for all, and, pending this, all privately conducted schools to be subject to rigid inspection.

(2) The new Post Primary Schools to be of the multi-lateral kind, providing for all types of secondary education, wherever possible in the same school. At all stages in post primary education there should be easy facilities for transfer from one course of instruction to another, so that educational misfits may be reduced to a minimum.

These two suggestions are only steps, but they are steps in the right direction and within the region of practical politics, which, unfortunately perhaps, it is very necessary to keep in mind when formulating a policy. The Labour Association of Labour Teachers is a body of Socialist teachers, which exists for the purpose of working out a socialist policy in education and trying to get the Labour Party to adopt it.

F. DU VERGIER,
64 Maury Road, N.16. Vice-chairman,
National Association of Labour Teachers

SIR,—In reply to the statement so commonly made by "well to do" persons, that "all classes of the community have to-day equal educational chances," I would refer you to page 11, *Daily Telegraph*, July 30th, when the Earl of Athlone, speaking to the boys of a well-known public school at Windsor, and referring to the advisability of keeping boys at school as long as possible, said, "But to take a boy away from school at the age of sixteen was a positive sin."

With these words I am sure you will entirely agree, but there are, owing to economic circumstances, many hundreds of thousands of working-class fathers who must be very positive sinners. Here indeed is a neat example of one law for the poor and another for the rich.

J. D. HOSSACK
39 Maddox Street, W.1.

THE ISSUE OF FREEDOM

SIR,—Those of us who believe in freedom are presumably agreed that any State, whether its philosophical basis be Communist, Tory, Liberal or Fascist, has a right to control those who proceed against it by violence. What we deny, what I assumed from his brilliant letter Mr. Keynes denied, and what your correspondent Mr. Pitcairn ingeniously ignores, is that any State has the right to crush the expression of opinion—that is, to destroy what has always been the soil of new ideas. It is that which Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany claim to do: against that all liberal thinkers, whatever their political bias, are determined to fight.

May I take a little of your space in stating our reasons for this determination? Liberal thinkers will differ about many things; we are agreed on this—that tolerance is the only way of courage and the only path to truth. No one has ever yet formulated any error, however gross, in which there did not reside some aspect of truth which more correct thinkers either forget or ignore. A philosphy of suppression always springs from spiritual and moral cowardice; people dare not listen to arguments against their ideas, because their own ideas are unexamined. No false philosophy has power until its upholders are persecuted; and then it gains power, not only by the enthusiasm of its martyrs, but by the fact that those who persecute it are fascinated by it. They attack in others something whose glamour they fear for themselves. Sir E. Graham-Little and Professor H. A. Smith are fighting against a tendency in themselves which, in indignant fear, they mistakenly ascribe to Professor Laski. For what they want—what all bad political philosophers want—is power, not truth—power over others, not truth to enable them to understand others and themselves. The true liberal wants not power, but an atmosphere of freedom.

It is here Mr. Pitcairn has surely completely misunderstood Mr. Keynes's just reproach against "the younger members of the Left." I am not the only radical who was dismayed at his friends' acquiescence in the Russian assaults on freedom of expression, and disconcerted at the same people's righteous (and right) indignation at the similar persecutions of heterodoxy in Germany. Those of us who stand outside the Soviet and the Nazi theologies insist on this; we want to know whether men are, or are not, in favour of complete liberty of opinion. If they are not, we refuse to recognise them as friends of freedom; we agree with Mr. Pitcairn that "freedom" is not completely achieved in this or in any other country; but in the few countries where the ideals of old-fashioned liberalism still obtain, there is an atmosphere of freedom. We can say what we please. We can read what we please. We can write what we please. We can not do, always, what we please. But we believe that the liberal policy of freedom of expression will, in the end, lead to the greatest freedom of action for the greatest possible number. And the essential condition of that freedom of expression is complete tolerance—not only formal, but genuine—tolerance even, as Friedrich von Hügel insisted, of the preaching of intolerance: for only so can intolerance be abolished.

11 New Square, R. ELLIS ROBERTS
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

SIR,—Marxists are ready to sacrifice the political liberties of individuals in order to change the existing economic order. So are Fascists and Nazis. That is why I said that those who had toyed with Marxist ideas could not have a clear conscience in defending the political liberties of individuals from reactionary attacks.

The question for "Critic" is whether he is prepared to suspend political liberties as a method whereby to change the existing economic order—with the object, of course, of increasing "true" liberty later on. If he is, he cannot claim to be a defender of liberty *on principle*. If not, why doesn't he sympathise with what I said about those who have toyed with Marxism? He will find it awfully hard work to be *both* a Marxist *and* a political liberal.

My own aim is economic reform by the methods of political liberalism. If "Critic" considers this a hopeless enterprise, he must give up defending liberty on principle. But if he and Mr. Pitcairn merely mean that the achievement of economic reform would make the defence of political liberty much easier (as, of course, it would), what bearing has this against my observations?

Tilton, Firle, Sussex. J. M. KEYNES

SIR,—In replying to Mr. Wood's letter, I am hampered by the suspicion that he is a Marxist on the spree. Remarking, for instance, that to the Marxist "the contradiction between political liberty and economic slavery is of primary importance," Mr. Wood proceeds "in other words, our existing liberties, being bourgeois in character, are of no real value to the class conscious proletariat and their preservation is of no real importance." These are, indeed, "other words." As I indicated in my previous letter, the Marxist asserts that the liberty of the proletariat in the bourgeois State is of a limited character and is not, in the opinion of Marxists, the last word in human liberty. To deduce from this that in the Marxist view these liberties are of "no real importance" is a very strange logic indeed. Moreover, the assertion that Marxists do not believe in the importance of existing liberties is simply untrue. Does Mr. Wood really suppose that the right of the workers to organise themselves into Trade Unions won from the bourgeois State after a hard struggle, is something to which revolutionary Marxists attach no importance? Why does he suppose "class-conscious proletarians" get arrested for asserting their right to hold meetings outside London Labour Exchanges, if they regard this freedom of assembly as of no real value? Why does he suppose I am bothering to write this letter, if not because I am concerned that the defenders of our present liberties, particularly the freedom of speech, press and assembly—which are threatened by so many recent proceedings of the Government and its police—should not be senselessly divided or diminished? If Mr. Wood had taken the elementary precaution of acquainting himself with Marxist writings, he would have had no difficulty of informing himself of the Marxist attitude towards those romantic pseudo-revolutionaries who, having no experience of the terrible difficulties of illegal revolutionary work, have from time to time attempted to spread the idea that violent reaction and the suppression of existing liberties are to be welcomed on the mistaken notion that this development somehow "hastens the revolution."

Mr. Wood's next point is that because Marxists believe that the ruling class in the bourgeois State will shrink from nothing

in the way of attacks upon existing liberties in order to maintain itself, therefore they have no moral or rational "ground for complaint." This argument is so remarkably nebulous that one hardly knows how to take it. Because I happen to know that a man will draw a gun on me if he cannot get my money in any other way, have I no ground for complaint about his actions? Am I only allowed to call on my fellows to help in disarming him, provided that I have first proved that I did not know he was armed and was prepared to use his gun? Mr. Wood's argument seems to be based on the idea that because the Marxists understand the nature and habits of the bourgeois State they have no "ground for complaint." Why on earth not? Are we only allowed to fight Fascist tendencies "with a clear conscience" on the condition that we are ignorant of the nature and the development of Fascism?

As for Mr. Wood's assertion that in "repelling reactionary attacks on freedom, the Marxist is defending something in which he does not believe," I suppose it is scarcely necessary to reiterate that the Marxist, believing more wholeheartedly in freedom than the supporter of the bourgeois State, is concerned not merely to repel attacks on that limited freedom existing in the bourgeois State, but to bring about an expansion of a genuine freedom impossible in bourgeois society. FRANK PITCAIRN

THE STANDARD OF NEEDS

SIR,—Your readers will have seen the letter published last week in several journals over the names of leading nutritional experts and members of the medical profession. This letter suggests that the standard of "needs," such as may guide the scales laid down under the new Unemployment Assistance Board, can only be arrived at after consultation with medical and other expert opinion. "There will be grave danger of widespread physical deterioration," adds the letter, "if a considerable section of the population is unable to purchase sufficient food and other necessaries."

The problem of widespread malnutrition is now one that touches closely the honour of the scientific world and the medical profession. If (as the letter states) science is now able to determine fairly accurately what food is needed to maintain health and working capacity—if we can demonstrate mathematically that a large percentage of the population is not receiving this amount—and if, finally, expert opinion is at last unanimous, then the Government must yield. The world produces food in abundance. The biochemist and physiologist can no more suffer the truths of nutritional science to be denied, than their colleagues the astronomers could permit us to hold that the sun goes round the earth. F. LE GROS CLARK,

Committee Against Malnutrition, Secretary
19c Eagle Street, W.C.1.

SUICIDE AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

SIR,—The subject introduced by your correspondent, namely, suicide and nervous disorders, opens up a problem which should be of interest to all who are interested in the welfare of humanity.

I think it is safe to say that the majority of suicides are brought to this pass through an *inability* to face the responsibilities of life. There is a cause for every action. Such inability can be traced to disturbances in the depths of the mind, these disturbances causing not only suicidal tendencies, but actions of an anti-social nature as well as illnesses of a definitely nervous origin.

As your correspondent so rightly states, it is useless to urge forward those who are quite incapable of steering a straight and steady course. Medical psychology is undertaking the task of laying bare instincts and impulses that are hidden away out of conscious thought and control.

Work is going on in clinics and hospitals, but until the general public, the medical practitioner, the administrator of the law, and all persons having dealings with the human soul, realise the powers that lie in the deep unconscious and associate actions of an anti-social order, together with many forms of illness, as the result of mental disturbance, there can be no big advance made in a cause that affects so deeply the happiness and prosperity of mankind.

Rome was not built in a day, but in time the importance of the workings of the mind must come more and more into prominence. More and more students will obtain training of a psycho-analytical character; clinics will be opened in various parts of the country, and those who are burdened with the weight of neurosis will be able to obtain help so sorely needed. The motto, "Know thyself," carried into action, would make for peace and prosperity in this sorely burdened world. GRACE E. BRISTOW

Kynance Cottage,
Arkwright Road, Sanderstead.

GERMAN REFUGEES

SIR,—The German Refugees Hospitality Committee was formed in May, 1933, to find hospitality in England for refugees, Socialist, pacifist, non-political and non-Aryan, for whom no such organisation then existed. We made no general appeal for funds, but collected from sympathisers and friends for administrative purposes only. We appealed, however, for hospitality and passed on to other organisations, as they arose, the cases that needed something more. Many hundreds of men and women have passed through our hands and have been given help, advice and hospitality in sympathetic homes throughout the country. We have also dealt with a number of children who have been placed in English families.

This very necessary emergency task has gradually been taken over by the various other committees catering for special cases, and our work as a separate committee not having the same urgency we feel that a separate committee is no longer necessary. The German Refugees Assistance Fund have therefore agreed to take over our outstanding cases and deal with any new ones that may come along. Mrs. Ormerod, of 8 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3, will act as Honorary Secretary.

We should like to take this opportunity, on behalf of our committee, of thanking those generous friends in all parts of the British Isles who so readily responded to our appeals for money and for hospitality, and also the editors of the papers who have so kindly allowed us to use their columns to make known our needs. HELEN BENTWICH
WINIFRED HORRABIN

Miscellany

THE PROMENADES

ONE looks forward to the Promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall every year as the month of August approaches with a mixed feeling of attraction and horror. What is attractive is the anticipation of hearing an orchestra again and some fine music, of all kinds; what is horrible is the fear (only too well-founded) that one will be driven occasionally to take refuge in the corridors or fly from the hall to protect oneself from some of the music and some of the performances.

Sir Henry Wood is not only a good musician, an able conductor, and a genial personality, he is also a Titan. This will be the fortieth year he has conducted all of the Promenade concerts during the season. There is not another musician alive who could have done so much and preserved his youthfulness of outlook and his vitality. But Titans are formidable beings and in their off moments (for even Titans have off moments!) what they may do to one is past description. So I tremble to think what Sir Henry Wood is going to do to me if I happen to be incautious enough to be in the Queen's Hall at one of the wrong moments during the next eight weeks. However, I hope that I always have the luck to be present when Sir Henry is in one of his less titanic, more gracious moods, when his musicianship and easy virtuosity are more in evidence than his sheer driving power, for the B.B.C. orchestra ought not to need his compulsive force, but only his guiding mind nowadays.

The syllabus of programmes for the whole season is now available and there are several nasty shocks to be got on reading it. The general scheme is sound enough, although I agree with many people who think the programmes are still too long, that it would be an improvement to have fewer items and a slightly longer pause between them. However, under present conditions, there is no chance whatever of any such change being made. For one thing, it is impossible to expect many hundreds of people to stand in the promenade packed tightly together while nothing is happening, so one item must follow

another quickly and often before there has been time for it to be digested. Personally, I think the whole idea of the promenade is absurd, and it is still more absurd when people are packed so closely together that in any case a "promenade" is impossible. I suppose it is too much to expect the B.B.C. to build a suitable hall in London for their concerts; this is the obvious thing that ought to be done, but since it is obviously needed it will never happen. The Queen's Hall belongs in design to a different age from that we are living in; it is thoroughly antiquated in every respect and quite unsuitable to our needs. In the first place, what is needed is a hall with large outlying foyers on all sides which can be thrown open for such concerts as the Promenades so that people can hear quite well sitting in the surrounding foyers some distance away; at the back of these foyers there ought to be ample accommodation for refreshments. But plenty of space everywhere surrounding the actual auditorium on each tier is an essential.

The programmes are designed on the old lines. Wagner on Mondays, Beethoven on Fridays, Brahms and Bach on Wednesdays and mixed programmes on the other evenings. This year the composers who are honoured with a complete evening to themselves are Tchaikovsky (two), Delius, Richard Strauss, Sibelius, Liszt and Vaughan Williams. I think it is a good idea to give a whole concert of Vaughan Williams's music, for he is, on the whole, such a quiet composer that we shall gather a more complete impression of his music by this means. The Delius concert is by way of a memorial, and I think those who like Delius's music should take this and every other opportunity that offers of hearing it, for I doubt whether, once the vogue has passed, it will ever be heard again. Sibelius is the fashionable composer of the day in intellectual circles. Again I would advise his admirers (of whom I am one) to take Herrick's advice, for new fashions will bring new rosebuds and nobody then may want to hear a single work by Sibelius—which will be a neglect as undeserved as his present popularity.

I welcome the Liszt evening because a great deal of his music is unfamiliar, and when only one piece of his is played the choice is likely to fall on one of his better-known works. Also Liszt's music is more interesting to the professional musician and critic than that of many more successful composers. The Richard Strauss evening is no doubt due to the fact that this year the German master attained his seventieth birthday rather than to the present popularity of his music, which has outlived its first vogue and may never attain to a second.

There are three composers who, in my opinion, have been very badly treated, and the extraordinary manner of their treatment calls for some protest. I thought that the bad practice of performing only a single movement from a symphony had been relegated to the dark ages of the early days of the "Proms" long before the war. I did not think we should live to see the B.B.C. fathering the malpractice of giving bits of symphonies at the Promenades. Yet here we have Bruckner, Mahler and Berlioz all represented at the Promenades this year by one movement from a symphony. It is true that Berlioz is in a slightly better situation in so far as he is twice represented by one movement from a symphony, whereas the names of Bruckner and Mahler only appear once; he is also represented by other pieces, and I welcome the presence of the *Corsair* overture which is virtually unknown here. Nevertheless, I think it a scandal that the *Marche au supplice* should be taken out of its place in the *Symphonie Fantastique* and put at the end of the Beethoven Concert on September 7th. The *Symphonie Fantastique* should be given entire or not at all. What a row there would be if at the "Proms" we were to be given only the Scherzo from the Ninth Symphony, for example! And why should the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which marks an epoch in the history of music, be treated so shabbily?

It might be argued that Bruckner's and Mahler's symphonies are mostly too long to be given whole, but this is a specious argument in my opinion. It is far better to give a complete work than a series of three or four scraps. The concerts are long enough to justify the inclusion of any of these symphonies. And these remarks apply also to Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette* symphony, of which we are to hear only one section torn from its context. There is no excuse whatever for this sort of thing, and I hope that Sir Henry Wood will have these items replaced by others, as it is now too late to give the whole of the works to which they belong. W. J. TURNER

RENCONTRE

SHE walked to the music of her own mind's making,
The tall, spare spinster in the cheap, drab coat,
And her pale lips, faintly moving, their divine thirst were slaking
At the gods' own Hippocrene, where bright bubbles float.

As I passed her, in the half-light, on a waft of wind I caught the
Words once shaped by mortals beyond all mortal ken.
With Shelley and with Shakespeare she walked, with godlike Milton,
This poorest, palest, shabbiest of the daughters of men.

I looked at the girls, with their silken curls tossing,
Their redder lips than nature, their bright eyes of desire.
O brief is your springtime (I thought) my blossomy darlings,
But hers the authentic, the undying fire.

And I kissed the nearest blossom (was she Daphne? was she Chloe?)
And as betwixt my fingers her soft curls stirred,
My thoughts were far from her, my thoughts were on the highway
Where walked the lone, gaunt spinster with the immortal word.

A. V. STUART

PLAYS AND PICTURES

An Open-air Juliet

With her performance in *Romeo and Juliet* at Regent's Park Miss Margaretta Scott definitely establishes herself as the most promising actress of her generation. She is certainly the loveliest of modern Juliets, whose every movement is a delight to watch; but beyond that she achieves a genuine tragic passion transcending the pathos which is the easy way out for the immature actress who attempts the part. Her only serious failure is in the Balcony scene, and here the blame must largely be shouldered by Mr. Robert Atkins, who elects to present it in a dim green light such as would disgrace a really good Italian moon. Elsewhere she rises splendidly to her emotional occasions and triumphs with a youthful sincerity which is challenging as well as moving. Miss Laura Smithson's Nurse is another joy of the evening—perhaps a shade sentimental (how could anyone so obviously well-meaning be called an ancient damnation?), but shrewdly observed and vividly alive. Mr. Griffith Jones is less satisfying as Romeo—his strutting is self-conscious and his search for subtlety unavailing on the 80-foot open-air stage. Mr. Leslie French, oddly enough, finds a new vein to exploit in Mercutio, and beautifully suggests that innocence which is proper to the soldier of all ages.

Despite the exquisite effects of the lighting on the surrounding trees, enhancing the lyricism of the speeches, the production is unsatisfactory mechanically. There should be some means of reducing the playing area of the great stage by the use of back exits, and the set piece, which actually brings the embarrassed scene-shifters into Juliet's bedroom, is clumsy.

"Admirals All"

Clive Curry as the very Woodhousian Admiral and Aubrey Mather as his no less Pinnafordian coxswain make a very pretty evening's entertainment out of Ian Hay's and Commander King-Hall's agreeable trifle, and are as good partners as the authors themselves. Diana Beaumont is a charming Jean Stallybrass, and her father, either when producing samples of woollen under-

wear at the Admiral's luncheon party, or parading a night-shirt of No-Itch (pardon—No-*Scratch*) in the bandit-ridden temple of Sing-Ho, is funny enough. There are some delightful moments: the Admiral crooning outside Gloria's tent to a concealed brigand, and his exit as a coolie; the flag-lieutenant's perplexities before proposing; Sam Larrabee's ingenuous amazement when he learns that the flag-captain honestly does not want any free publicity for his ship; the very "Roi des Montagnes" entry of Silver Dragon, and the niceties of Hollywood-cum-naval dialect, all make excellent fooling. But Laura la Plante reminds one of the famous story of—was it Irving? who one evening fell asleep during a sleeping part, and was bombarded next morning by letters from indignant members of his audience who, having heard how well he feigned sleep, had come to see, and went away bitterly disappointed. For here is a real film-star, acting a star's part, and we rub our eyes, and realise, perhaps for the *n*th time, that reality never fulfils expectation.

"She Shall Have Music—"

The new musical play at the Saville specialises in holiday high spirits with the family-party atmosphere. There ought to be someone in the theatre to smack those members of the audience who whimper because they are not enjoying themselves—those who think there are enough family holidays in life without going to the theatre to see them. Even these will enjoy Viola Tree's near-highbrow fun (she has one delicious song with actions), and Kenneth Kove's engaging expression of extreme pain in an uncouth world; an expression that indicates precisely the minor irritation, among all life's torments, of having to impersonate a wireless crooner. Reginald Purdell supplies a constrast in humour simply by bubbling like a fluent public schoolboy. Not quite everything in the show is "top-drawer," as one character says of another. The music is not up to Saville standard, and the June Dancers are out of place. In spite of the approval of part of the audience, their dancing in a long interlude is of the kind that ought to be confined to a colony somewhere.

"French Salad"

Ruin and attempted suicide form a dangerous motif for the introduction of a farcical comedy, that anomalous genre among stage entertainments; and there are accordingly difficult moments in the first act of *French Salad* at the Westminster, when the bird-witted wife of Mr. Hutt and a large number of young Hutts shout and run up and down stairs waving emetics from the kitchen while Hutt père's rendezvous with death over a bottle of lysol is interrupted. The point is made that the young Hutts will have to turn to and commercialise their tenuous talents. Leonora shall sing for her living. Noel shall act and baby Robina shall be secretary to the sweetest old gentleman novelist. Their vanity, incompetence, laziness and sheer innocence lead them to disaster, and Barbara, daughter-in-law of the house, who has been secretly building up a new business in lavatory basins, addresses them on their failings and gives them all a fresh chance under her own management. This is thin stuff, and everybody has to act with great earnestness to keep the evening alive. Miss Hilda Trevelyan as the idiot mother has dreadful lines to speak and deserves praise for her speaking of them. Miss Faith Bennett, as an intrusive "vamp" and Miss Vera Lennox as a cheeky "youngest" score remarkably well, but Miss Leonora Corbett, for all her trenchant righteousness as Barbara, fails to conceal the priggishness of the part and tends to appear at least as insufferable as the family she takes in hand.

The Bloomsbury Gallery

The current exhibition at the Bloomsbury Gallery consists of a miscellaneous collection of paintings, masks, furniture and pottery by several young artists apparently driven to exhibit together rather by the laws of expediency than by any desire to form a regular group. At any rate, the individual aims could hardly be more widely divergent than they are.

The most interesting work comes from Mr. Olë Pooley and Mr. Brian Robb. So far as his paintings are concerned Mr. Pooley is chiefly preoccupied either with pure abstraction, as we are asked to say, or highly formalised representation. Apart from a very small picture called *Desert Parting*, he is most successful at his most abstract, and in *Composition in an Oval* (except for a little collapse in the top left-hand corner) and *Shapes Dithyrambic* (which is not a discreet title), has produced two thoroughly satisfying compositions. His use of dull-toned blues and greens in these and other pictures is impressive. For the time being Mr. Pooley would probably be well advised to limit the size of his canvasses, for there is noticeable in him a certain lack of suppleness, a tendency towards stiltedness, which increases with the area to be covered.

Mr. Robb, to judge by the few pieces shown, is more the born artist, the lyricist of paint. *The Tin Mine* is really a splendid piece of work, the most successful effort in the whole exhibition, while *The Journey* impresses with its carefully harboured power. All Mr. Robb's work is most refreshing in its unpretentiousness. He paints what he sees without bothering about what others might see. And what he sees is sufficiently different from what the rest of us see to make one hopeful about his future. Good work of a less inflammable order is done by Mr. David Kenworthy, who has a nice sense of style and fitness—although the cool and deliberate modelling of *Still Life* is spoilt by a dreadful mistake in blue. Mr. Gerald Wilde will do better work when he has decided whether he is a disciple of Matisse or Miro, and Miss Daphne Chart must learn to make colour and design inseparable if she wants to paint as well as she can etch. Mr. Angus McBean's masks, Miss Jill Salaman's pottery, and Miss Diana Pym's furniture are all well worth looking at.

"Stand Up and Cheer"

The Fox Film Company have thrown all their resources into this production with the idea of giving the American nation a lesson in cheerfulness. It is a patchwork of stars and episodes from nearly every film this company has produced during the last two or three years. With John Boles, Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn in scenes befitting their talents; with songs, dances, back-stage drama, political treachery, big business, Broadway, a pretty secretary, a little love, it becomes a sort of revue on a quite shattering scale. As it charged and bawled its way to an end at the Regal Cinema I found myself marvelling once again at the queer, not unpleasing brain that conceived it. Its lesson of smiling good nature is bound to be lost on a nation with a surplus like ours. It is all too American. The story describes how Mr. Warner Baxter is made Minister of Amusement by the President of the United States, and is charged with the duty of making a hundred million souls laugh away the depression. Mr. Baxter picks up the telephone, says "Yes, Mr. President," and the thing is done. But, alas, there are men who detest Mr. Baxter and vow to double-cross him, and but for the ivory smiles of Madge Evans, Mr. Baxter would have forgotten the President and gone trout-fishing. In the meantime, he draws upon the risible assets of a whole continent, the nation opens its mouth in mighty guffaws, and the land is saved—from what? From facing the fact that it is bankrupt. Two delightful comedians, Messrs. Mitchell and Durant, execute a political dance while discussing tariffs. Shirley Temple, latest of infant prodigies, may be seen, if you can bear to see a child like Mae West. But in the attempt to introduce everything the film becomes muddled, and its sentimentality is of the kind that makes one shudder.

"Thank Your Stars"

The principal merit of this Plaza film is that it is written by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler, two of the cleverest scenario writers in Hollywood, and is accordingly an infallible guide to the American tongue. It is a tale of a young man (Jack Oakie) who, with Alison Skipworth, joins what is known as a "flea circus." A flea circus is a "joint" of the lowest possible denominator, where a Fat Lady or a Sword-swallower is only rival to the performing fleas. Mr. Oakie is the "barker" or showman outside the circus, and there he "shoots the works" (tells the tale) to the assembled morons. The strong American flavour of the film may be judged from the fact that its original title was, indeed, "Shoot the Works." Mr. Oakie, unhappily, is a failure at the circus; his girl runs off with the band leader (Ben Bernie) and joins a Chinese café, and long is the road travelled by the barker and mournful his song before he is re-united to her. The film is well made and full of interesting types. Its lyrics are foolish to a degree, and the director never stops to think how foolish they are, but, on the contrary, stirs them up to still greater heights of folly. Mr. Oakie is an admirable actor, slow in his humour, but a master at evoking moods and enriching scenes with innumerable lively touches. I enjoyed the wild American idiom, half like a child's chatter and half like the cry of an American baseball player.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

As readers of Mr. Herbert Palmer's *Moorland Rivers* in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION may have reflected, the fly-fisherman drying his cast and swishing his rod every few moments in the air is not in a position to see many wild creatures besides the golden-bellied trout that he catches. He can hardly help seeing moorhens and water-rats because they are so common, and he will see the heron that gets up and slowly flaps across the water-meadows to another reach, and sometimes the fast dipping flight of a kingfisher flashing red and blue. But he will scarcely ever see his enemy the otter, of whom Mr. Palmer wrote last week "that it ought to be utterly exterminated . . . the otter makes himself invisible as a germ, and he is nearly as destructive as sewage. He is neither useful nor decorative, except in a glass case"—a sentiment which seems to me one of the more disgraceful that has appeared in the literary columns of this respectable paper. Between an angler like Mr. Palmer and the otter there is, of course, a class war raging, but it is no excuse that the trouble is an economic one: that both regard themselves as having a natural right to all the fish in the river. Thus we find a true and sensitive poet completely blind to the living beauty of one of the charming rare creatures in England merely because he shares its appetite. Indeed, owing to a community of tastes, he is a good deal like an otter himself, and I can remember hearing him speak of a rival poet in the tone of contempt that one would expect from an otter speaking of a fly-fisherman.

* * *

We can never know much about wild animals, but one can learn something about their characters and their temperaments from how they behave with human beings after they have been tamed. The best account I have come across of an individual otter's character is in a most enchanting book called *Sporting Sketches*, by Diane Chasseresse (Macmillan, 1890) which has long since been out of print. As a girl, the author was an out-and-out tomboy, and must have been very exceptional among Victorian young women. Thus she describes camping out with a female cousin during frosty weather in an abandoned bothie in an uninhabited Highland glen, so as to get the deer that came down from the hills in the early morning. She was a most wonderful shot with a small-bore rifle and a first-rate angler, and a great part of her book is taken up with descriptions of deer-stalking and salmon-fishing. She kept her tastes after her marriage, and it was then that she shot a seal which she and her daughter retrieved from the blood-stained sea and hauled into a small boat. But she loved otters and would put up with a good deal of inconvenience in order to enjoy their company. The otter she kept in Park Lane used to roll itself dry after its bath on a red velvet sofa, then rush back into her hot bath, up the chimney, down again and into her bed. Yet she kept it loose, in her bedroom.

> However, the first night he spent in my room I was very soon asleep after so much excitement and anxiety; but every time I moved the savage brute made a dash at my toes and tried to bite them through the bedclothes, so that I was not altogether happy or at ease, and expected every moment that it would make a pounce at my face, which I kept well under cover. . . . Early the next morning he began rattling the shutters . . . for an hour or two he played games all over the place. He found a large black fan which I had used for stroking him, on the table, and this he knocked down and began to rush about with and roll over, then he got hold of everything round and noisy that he could find, and banged them all over the room, tearing after them like a mad thing and it was not until a short while before it was time for me to get up that he came back to bed and we both fell into a sound sleep. . . . My letters are always brought to me in bed, and as soon as they were put down, Trots woke up, and coming beside me lay on his back and took up my envelopes and played at ball with them, tossing them up in the air and catching them in his fore-paws. He was in every way a most fascinating pet. . . . Having been twice bitten I did not care to stroke his back again, though I was always longing to treat him as I had treated my other otters . . . there was something very terrifying in the way he would rush after one's bare feet. . . . He was most fascinating but when he jumped on to my lap for his white-bait or beef, I never knew if he would not seize my arm or my knee in his teeth, partly in playfulness and partly from being such a savage.

Yet in this description the character of the fashionable mother of a Victorian family is more astonishing than the otter's.

* * *

The only time I have seen a wild otter close was more than twenty years ago when I was drifting silently down a wild stretch of river in a canoe. It was a bigger animal than I should have expected and was lying along the bole of a willow tree apparently wrapped in meditation. It did not catch sight of me until I was nearly on top of it, when it slipped without a sound into the water. Perhaps if one did not fish, or swim, but lay beside the river without moving a muscle, however much the midges and mosquitoes and horse-flies sucked one's blood, one could see a family of otters playing together and throwing up dead leaves and fishtails into the air as though they were the letters on the Park Lane tea-tray. But the otter has proved a long digression: I set out to write this week in a severely practical spirit about canoes—for I have just read a most admirable little handbook called *Canoeing*, by William Bliss (Methuen, 6s.) which has revived an early enthusiasm with painful force. When I compare it with my memory of another little handbook published under the same title some time in the 'nineties I find a very great difference. Mr. Bliss's book is almost entirely concerned with handling Canadian canoes, and he says nothing about sailing except that:

> Canoes may also be sailed (by means of sails, rugs, or even umbrellas), and may be towed with a mast. . . .

Fifty years ago sailing canoes were the vogue, and the early handbook was filled with hull sections and sail plans for craft that were designed for circumnavigating the British Isles. Mr. Bliss does not even consider sea-going canoes:

> I do not advise canoeists to use the wider reaches as they near the sea. They are generally ugly, for one thing, as nearly all tidal waters are, and they can be dangerous in quite a different way to rapids, where you do get some fun for the little risk you take. I avoid all estuaries like the devil. . . .

* * *

Personally, I love estuaries and have always found them exceptionally beautiful. Sailing a canoe on them can be the greatest fun, or even pushing out to sea on a calm day. But perhaps something more like a duck punt with a centre board than a true canoe is the ideal craft for this sort of thing. But except for this limitation Mr. Bliss provides a complete little encyclopaedia of everything the English canoeist can want to know. His advice on handling canoes and camping is all admirable, but the most useful part of his book is a detailed account of all the rivers and canals of England and how to get most easily from one to another. He is especially fond of the summit-levels of the canals:

> Where they wind sometimes for twenty miles without a lock, they show you a sort of landscape that no river nor even any road can give. You pass no villages nor farms, you are alone among the hills.

For such inland canoeing the Canadian canoe has proved itself the ideal craft: its only limitation is that a canoe big enough for two people and their luggage is a little heavy to handle out of the water, and that the cost of transport makes it impossible to take it where one most wants it—on wild mountain lochs in Scotland and Ireland. The great attraction of the German Faltbot (manufactured in this country under the name of Folbot) is its portability. It weighs only thirty-five pounds or so, is extremely cheap, and can be carried anywhere. This week a German has crossed over from Calais to Dover in one of them in just under six hours. The sea was rather rough and he was twice overturned, but as his canoe was unsinkable this was not of much consequence except in cold weather. The chief drawback to the Folbot is that one cannot stand up in it or sit up high in the stern as one can in a Canadian canoe.

DAVID GARNETT

ITALY AND LITERATURE

Italy: A Companion to Italian Studies. Edited by EDMUND G. GARDNER. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Literature of the Italian Renaissance. By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two books are both meant for students, there is a university background in each case, and each must, I suppose, be called successful in its way. But the way is quite different. Mr. Jefferson Butler Fletcher has set out to "stimulate," Prof. Gardner and his colleagues to inform.

About *Italy* very little can be said. It covers the whole of Italian history, literature and art from the Middle Ages: the literary and historical chapters are by the Editor, Prof. Cesare Foligno, and Dr. Cammillo Pellizzi: architecture, painting and sculpture are dealt with by Prof. Tancred Borenius, music by Prof. Dent. There is also an introductory chapter, by the Editor and Dr. Pellizzi, on the origin and growth of the Italian language, and on regional differences in speech, character and occupation. Each section has an admirable bibliography. The scholarship, of course, needs no remark: and there is, considering the plurality of authors, an astonishing uniformity of tone, temper and excellence throughout the book. Perhaps the academic atmosphere accounts for that.

Obviously, here is just the book that every serious student of Italian ought to have: for a preliminary survey, for reference and as a guide to detailed reading it will be invaluable. It is amazingly compendious: the historical chapters, in particular, have reconciled compression and lucidity in an exceptional degree. From this kind of textbook nothing more should be demanded. But when Prof. Gardner adds that in the second place they have "attempted to take into account the requirements of the general reader," then I think we must demur. It is hard to say what those requirements are exactly, but surely, at any rate, they include more space. What can the general reader make of a chapter on painting, for instance, necessarily so short that it reduces itself to a mere string of names, with a kind word about each? For the student that is quite enough: he is going to cover the ground, and wants only an efficient road map, drawn to scale, marking the heights and the main features of the landscape. No matter if it does not attract us on its own account: it is not intended as a landscape painting. This road map is just what the authors of *Italy* have supplied, with all the authority their highly subjective material admits of. Of course, the system breaks down a little when you come to our own time, in which the heights have not been, as it were, established: it is impossible to be quite satisfied with the last chapter, though none are more interesting. What one really wants here is an exact idea of Italian opinion on each writer, perhaps by means of English parallels: but how difficult to give! how hard to characterise different classes of opinion without prejudice! Dr. Pellizzi has not seriously attempted it.

Some maps, it must be said, especially those covering a more manageable area, have pictorial charm; have their little spires, ships and tree-clumps that attract the eye. And it must be owned that *Italy* is almost entirely without those. It never sparkles: it does not trouble to barb its facts with wit. Dr. Pellizzi's work has a slight tinge of personality, but only his. It is amusing to find him, in this sober book, referring to the Founder of the present political system in religious tones.

Mr. Fletcher's volume of lectures is just the opposite of all that; it is a sketch-book. He was lecturing to students of Harvard and Columbia "whose major interest was in English"—who, one must conclude, had no acquaintance with Italian literature and meant to have none. All they would bother to know was what he told them—enough to seem well-informed if Petrarch, say, should come up in conversation, and perhaps to cut in with an anecdote or two. And those who want that sort of nominal acquaintance with Renaissance authors cannot choose a better book. It is not pretentious. It is colloquial in tone—light, easy, not depending on attention for the subject's sake, aware that in order to instruct it must amuse. And it does amuse; the facts are very lucidly, painlessly conveyed—Italian without tears, if without Italian. It is essentially a readable book; in fact, so readable that you find yourself skipping in the end.

Yet half-way through this harmless, airy, sympathetic volume I began to look on Mr. Fletcher as a snake in the grass. For supposing an English reader of Italian *should* consult it—such things happen: Mr. Fletcher himself tells us that the lectures "stimulated"—what would be the result? He would find an obviously clever, easy, friendly guide, with (but this, of course, he would not realise) no more real penetration than he had attained himself. He would hear that Petrarch is, on the whole, a "pretty," rather shallow poet: that Lorenzo de' Medici is *really* better than Poliziano, who "seems unable to express deep feeling," and so on. That is, he would find just the probable blind spots and irrelevancies of his own superficial judgment ratified from the beginning, and would be less likely than before ever to guess at the real quality of some of the most Italian of Italian poets. I cannot think this entirely unimportant.

It must be added that Mr. Fletcher has an unlucky partiality for his own verse translations: he apologises for them, but he puts them in. He seems to think that a bad translation of the untranslatable will at least give some faint idea of it: what a mistake! A bad rendering of, say, Poliziano's May Song can only induce one to dismiss the poet as a quite unaccountable superstition: and then we are told it is his masterpiece. K. JOHN

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

Lady Hester Stanhope. By JOAN HASLIP. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the month of July, 1810, Lady Hester Stanhope, accompanied by her lover, Michael Bruce, and that adventurous dilettante, Lord Sligo, was entering the harbour of the Piraeus, when a young man leapt from the mole into the waves. Sligo recognised a former school-friend:

> There was a loud splash (writes Miss Joan Haslip) and from the waters emerged the curly chestnut head and freckled face of a beautiful youth. Sligo called out: "That's Byron," and Hester gazed with her cool, critical eyes at the young poet who was soon to become the idol of the gay, superficial society which had proved so fickle to her. . . . Byron gave her one laughing look and remembered John Hobhouse's unflattering description.

Miss Haslip, as this quotation will make sufficiently clear, is not a biographer who believes in allowing a dramatic story to provide its own light and shade. One would like to know her authority for describing Byron, who prided himself on the whiteness and smoothness of his skin, as "freckled"; while the "laughing look," with which the poet responded to Lady Hester's "cool, critical" glance, was added, one can only imagine, because the opportunity of drawing a pretty picture seemed too good to pass by without acknowledgment. It is sad; for such fancies are her book's undoing. In Lady Hester Stanhope, Miss Haslip had a subject that many more practised biographers might have envied; and, though Miss Haslip is by no means unaware of its fascination, she has treated it in a manner that serious students of the period—as distinct from the vast omnivorous public that has developed a taste for romanced biography—will find, here and there, extremely exasperating. Miss Haslip is conscientious in her pursuit of facts; but she cannot resist the temptation of touching them up. . . .

Nor are her decorative touches particularly skilful. Were every epithet and flight of rhetoric, not expressly authorised by the texts mentioned in the long and impressive bibliography at the end of her volume, to be expunged from her pages, *Lady Hester Stanhope* would be a shorter but considerably more readable book. Why print one of the last episodes of the story as a *Prologue*, beginning with the staccato sentence: "War in the Lebanon!" and conclude with an *Epilogue* full of roses and nightingales?

> On a hot, breathless day in June, when the peasants were harvesting in the valleys and the bulbuls sang in the hedges, when the crests of Mount Lebanon floated pale and insubstantial in the thin, clear air and the roses in Lady Hester's gardens dripped their last store of dew on the gravel paths, a murmur rose in the cornfields and echoed across the mountains, passing from mouth to mouth, from village to village—the news that the *Sytt* was dead.

The bare account of how she was discovered in her walled-up fastness would make an infinitely more moving and dramatic end.

Miss Haslip has gone to a great deal of trouble to reconstruct the social background of Lady Hester's early life; but she is somewhat dazzled by its brilliance and, when she writes of "crowded drawing rooms where women like over-plumaged birds minced or strutted, fluttering their painted fans," we think of Hollywood but are inclined to forget the London of Sheridan, Lady Bessborough and Charles James Fox.

For the late eighteenth century was a common-sense period. True, it produced a splendid crop of eccentrics; and few eccen-

trics have been more remarkable than Lady Hester and her father, "Citizen" Stanhope, the republican peer who tore down his armorial bearings, quarrelled with his children and his wife, and used to breakfast every morning on an uncarpeted floor off tea and a morsel of brown bread. Like his daughter, he was at odds with the contemporary world; both were intensely obstinate, but in Lady Hester's composition there was an even more dangerous and irresponsible strain. Handsome, but physically rather unattractive, she was twice thwarted in love. Sir John Moore repaid her love with devotion and died with her name upon his lips; but during his lifetime he took no steps to make her happy. Lord Granville Leveson-Gower was even less scrupulous. The most accomplished heart-breaker of his time, it was thanks to him that Lady Hester's reputation suffered irreparable damage. When Pitt died there was nothing to hold her to England. In her subsequent career, it is difficult not to see the traces of a baffled and thwarted sexuality. Michael Bruce returned her middle-aged passion, but Bruce, Miss Haslip believes, was her only lover, and after his return to England, as her loneliness and her sense of isolation increased, her conduct grew steadily more erratic and more violent, till her methods came to resemble those of the Near-Eastern chieftains among whom she lived. The latter part of her story is not very edifying. The woman whose courage and resolution, whose gallant bearing and fine horsemanship, were legendary throughout the length and breadth of Syria, was also the woman who avenged the death of a single traveller by ordering the destruction of an entire tribe. Several hundred tribesmen were massacred at her command. Towards the end of her life, though she continued to dispense erratic charity, she thought nothing of having her black slaves bastinadoed, and terrorised her doctor and attendants by her outbursts of rage. She died almost alone and utterly friendless—a pathetic prodigy of misdirected feminine will-power. P. Q.

THE BRONTËS—POETS

Poetical Works. Charlotte, Patrick Branwell, Emily and Anne Brontë. 2 vols. *Blackwell.* £1 5s.

They began in the nursery. All the Brontës, with Charlotte as Captain, with Emily and Branwell as inspirers, chart-makers, sextant-observers, wrote poems. In their north-country fastness they invented a new country, inhabited by people whom they knew (or whom Emily and Branwell knew) but whom they clad in the garments of a fashion already slightly outmoded, and which was so soon to seem hopelessly old-fashioned to a modern reader, if he came fresh to the poems. Many even of Emily's poems might appear so hampered by those old garments that the vigour and freshness of the thought beneath might escape attention. Charlotte's work is almost all clothing. Even the poem she wrote on Emily's death is too much handicapped by her sense of appropriate language to have for us any immediate poetic value.

Then since thou art spared more pain
We will not wish thee here again;
He that lives must mourn.
God help us through our misery
And give us rest and joy with thee
When we reach our bourne!

We know how deeply and sincerely Charlotte felt her loss when Emily died, but we could not guess her agony from such lines as these which have to-day the note of memorial verses that appear in the obituary columns of local newspapers. So much nonsense is written about the Brontës, so exaggerated a view is taken of their work, that it seems right to issue a warning—most of these volumes would have no chance of recognition or reprint if it were not for the sacred claims of the Brontë legend. Actually Charlotte, who was no poet at all, is vastly inferior as a novelist to her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell; Anne, in spite of Mr. George Moore's pious claim for her, is only on the level of the polite English water-colour of the period. Remain Emily and Branwell—both, it now appears, true poets, both dying before the world had a chance of seeing what their genius could accomplish.

Branwell is the puzzle. When a man is a drunkard and a liar, as Branwell was, it is certain that neither his contemporaries nor posterity will do credit to his genuine achievement. The efforts made by Branwell's champions to give him the authorship of *Wuthering Heights*—one of the books that no one but a woman could have written—have aroused in the prudent a suspicion of any claims made for him. It is as if we were to deny Chatterton's genius because of that unfortunate cache of forged manuscripts. For Branwell had genius: but much, perhaps, undisciplined, capricious, desperately uncertain and without perseverance. There need be no dispute that he helped and encouraged Emily. He may even have discussed with her that Elizabethan melodrama masquerading as a Victorian novel, by which she is remembered; and it appears from this edition that she has been credited with some of his poems. I am not myself convinced on this point: nor do I see how certainty of authorship can be established. The test applied by Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington, who edit this edition, is the test of handwriting. This is obviously unsatisfactory. We know Charlotte found Emily's note-book, and insisted on publishing her poems. How do we know that Branwell, unhappy and unoccupied, was not given the task of copying his sister's poems for publication? I am afraid Branwell would not have been above stealing Emily's poems; but as her minute handwriting is difficult to decipher, it is quite possible that he might have copied some of hers for the sake of greater legibility.

Still, enough remains that is certainly Branwell's to show that he is, with Emily, the poet among the Brontës. He has a gift for the Byronic phrase—"My Ancient ship upon my Ancient sea Begins another voyage"; he can improve on the minor poetry of his day

It brings me back a summer's day
Shedding like this its parting ray,
With skies as shining and serene,
And hills as blue and groves as green,

and he can be effectively epigrammatic as in the sonnet "Callousness Produced by Care," with its conclusion

mid the battle's roar
In Death's dread grasp the soldier's eyes are blind
To others' pains—so he whose hopes are o'er
Turns coldly from the sufferings of mankind.
A bleeding spirit will delight in gore—
A tortured heart will make a Tyrant mind.

To look through these volumes, however, will leave any reader with the conviction that the one undeniable poet of the family was Emily. Anne had a pleasant gift for album verse; but her quality is not unfairly summed up in a note, in this edition, to her poem *The Three Guides*. "Dr. James Martineau and Dr. Hunter extracted twenty-four lines from *The Three Guides*, to make a hymn." No doubt Emily's poems have also been drawn on for hymn-books, but not with such deadly appropriateness. Her poems are songs of defiance—never of resignation or despair. She is unwilling to accept either her own hard lot, or the trouble which seems to threaten the universe. She is a poet in verse of the breed of Pascal. She will challenge God to debate, and not be content with the thunderstorm, the voice from it which quietened Job. She is bold and undefeated in the face of Death, whose lineaments were so constantly pressed against the window-panes of Haworth:

Death! that struck when I was most confiding
In my certain faith of joy to be—
Strike again, Time's withered branch dividing
From the fresh root of eternity.

She carried as she walked on her moors a deep distrust of all judgment but her own.

I know the path I ought to go;
I follow fearlessly,
Inquiring not what deeper woe
Stern duty stores for me.

So foes pursue, and cold allies
Mistrust me, every one;
Let me be false in other's eyes
If faithful in my own.

Emily, we can see most plainly in her poems, was the spear-head of the Brontë family, when Charlotte was the ardent and competent sergeant-major. It may be that she, as did Charlotte, had inspiration from the elder sister whom we know only from Charlotte's portrait in *Jane Eyre*; but whence-ever derived, Emily's spirit is the essential force of the Brontë legend. There is a note in some of her verses which makes one wonder if she had read anything of Blake's, a note of freedom, of released ecstasy, totally unlike the more conscious liberty of the great romantics.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glades are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side.

What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

A LAEVOROTATORY MUSE

Stony Limits and Other Poems. By HUGH MACDIARMID. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

When Burns exchanged his native speech and its imaginative traditions for literary English he proved that he could write as correctly as any eighteenth-century amateur. As far as Scots is concerned, Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid has been a complete movement in himself. The foreigner can sometimes glimpse the quality of his lyric impulse, and the following delightful snatch, for instance, offers no impediment:

> A wumman cam' up frae the blae deeps o' the sea
> And "I'm Jeannie MacQueen," she said, lauchin', to me
> But it's "gi way wi' your oyster-shine, lassie, gi way"
> —For she'd a different colour in the nail o' each tae.

In the present book, however, many of the poems are written in English, and Mr. MacDiarmid proves that he can write as well as your moderns:

> Cut water. Perfection of craft concealed
> In effects of pure improvisation.
> Delights of dazzle and dare revealed
> In instant inscapes of fresh variation.

Dunbar certainly packed the chinks of his "aureate" diction with "bastard Latin"; Mr. MacDiarmid seizes joyfully on the modern return of jaw-breaking epithets, "gynandromorphic moods," "immarcescible flowers," "our not inexpert laevorotatory muse," "our abreption from the abderian accidie."

> What logodaedaly shall we practise then?
> What loxodromics to get behind the light?
> Glistening with exoskeletal stars we turn in vain
> This way and that and but changing perigraphs gain,
> Parablepsies, calentures, every cursed paranthelion
> Of this theandric force Pepper's-ghosting God.

But as Mr. MacDiarmid explains:

> among these mysteries
> We poets sit ceraunic as a chalumeau.

Thinking that "ceraunic" had something to do with poetry, I looked up the dictionary and found that it means "relating to thunder"; chalumeau is a shepherd's pipe, an instrument that is not usually very thunderous. In the poem entitled "On a raised Beach" Mr. MacDiarmid reaches the stony limit, but it must be admitted that the "jaw-breakers" of this Joycean experiment in geology are not inappropriate to the subject—the "hatched foraminous cavorilieva of the world." Economics, politics, a new world order are reviewed by Mr. MacDiarmid in these lengthy poems, but it seems to me that it is the old-fashioned dominie at the shoulder of all Scotsmen that has prompted this poet of undoubted genius to swallow the English dictionary, and not a modernist impulse. The most moving of these poems, though it is limited in its appeal, is "Lament for the Great Music," an imaginative recalling of the Gaelic past. Mr. MacDiarmid knows probably as little of Gaelic as the Yeatsian school of writers, but this does not diminish the value of his romantic tribute.

AUSTIN CLARKE

THE ENGLISH INN

The Old Inns of England. By A. E. RICHARDSON. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Old Inns of England is a good book; it is, I think, a better book than Tristram's *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, which though not concerned with the English inn primarily is nevertheless rich with facts and legends concerning it; and is at least as good a book, and probably fuller, than Thomas Burke's *The English Inn*. The title is significant: *The Old Inns*. That automatically cuts out some thousands of "Tudor" pubs and about as many Ye Olde Hostelries, as well as countless bathing-pool cum American-bar cum super-garage palaces which adorn the arterial roads. Obviously it does not deal with every old inn there is; old is here almost synonymous with historical. This does not mean that Mr. Richardson is concerned only with those inns where, by some athletic miracle, Queen Elizabeth slept, or where the characters of Dickens put up for the night after somehow escaping from the pages of his novels. But historical implies beautiful or interesting, regardless of an inn's size or antiquity; which means that some little obscure and modest "Red Lion" is likely to receive as much attention as any great country hotel like "The White Hart" at Salisbury or "The Stamford Hotel," the great Regency hotel in Stamford, Lincolnshire. Every man who picks up the book will at once turn to look for some mention of the inns he knows, his favourite pubs, and those hotels where he was fleeced for bad beds and insolent service. His favourite pubs he is unlikely to find; and if he finds the hotels that fleeced him it will not necessarily mean that Mr. Richardson commends them. From the downright and often caustic tone of his style, which is admirable, I imagine he is not writing the book for the breweries, He may be. In which case I should say he is writing it for a kind of divine brewery whose activities are not yet universally apparent in the world of inns. For what Mr. Richardson admires, and no doubt loves, and what he wants to see increase, is the decent and pleasant house which can offer the traveller not only good beer and rest, but good food and civilised sheets and pillows at a price which will not make his hair stand on end. And the plain fact is that there are too many inns in England, both bogus and genuine, new and antique, whose beer and beds and food and prices are calculated to raise the hair, both aesthetic and financial, of most civilised travellers.

Thus if there is any propaganda at all in Mr. Richardson's book it is either casual or subordinate to his main idea, which is to give some account in decent, unlarded English of the history and purpose and rise and decline of the English inn, from its beginnings in Chaucer's day down through its prosperity in the great woollen days, and its magnificence in Dickens's day, to its dubious state to-day. This he does admirably. He seems to have no personal predilections about periods or size. The magnificence of a Georgian façade is no more to him than a public bar with its Windsor chairs and its dart-board. What he hates in inns is the sham, the ugly, the snobbish; and in innkeepers the sneering, the fleecing and the patronising. I hate them myself.

His book is not comprehensive. There is no reason why it should be. That would leave its readers nothing to discover. It may cause regret to someone that his favourite "Spread Eagle" is not mentioned, but it may lead him to find a certain "Falcon" that is infinitely better. I myself do not see any mention of a little Bedfordshire pub kept in my family; nor of the nameless Darlington hotel where the dinner was high and the bill higher. But I see here a hundred inns I should like to visit, and will. And I have been astonished at the number of architecturally beautiful inns still left in my own country. So that if an American were to ask me what I recommended him to see in England I should now say not St. Paul's or Warwick Castle or Buckingham Palace, but all the countless pubs and alehouses and commercials and inns and hotels that are in every town and village up and down the countryside. And I should give him this book.

H. E. BATES

GREAT LIVES

Carlyle. By D. LAMMOND. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*
Huxley. By E. W. MACBRIDE. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*
Van Gogh. By PETER BURRA. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*
Dumas Père. By G. R. PEARCE. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*
W. G. Grace. By BERNARD DARWIN. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Messrs. Duckworth are to be congratulated on their enterprising series of Great Lives. I have read a number of these short biographies, and have found them all well written and intelligent. Although for the student they lack detail—and even for the general reader serve more as sign-posts pointing the direction for further inquiries—in one particular, at least, they are all that the heavy volumes of Victorian biography were not; sane and readable interpretations of the aims and objects in which great men interested themselves *ici bas*, and in which pride of place is given to the *character* of the subject—for it is too often forgotten that biography is almost entirely concerned with portrayal of character. These biographies are modern in the sense that the authors have accepted the fact that not all great men conform to the bourgeois standard of morality. Where, as in so many of the biographies of the last century, those who obviously did not conform are made to do so, the result is a distorted, one-sided view comparable to the grotesque reflections obtained from convex and concave mirrors. Perhaps the most notable and important achievement of this series is that the books read as truths, not tracts.

Carlyle, with his Everlasting Yea and his Everlasting No, stands out as the strong man of the troupe under review. He is both

weight-lifter and conjuror; for he excelled as much in the forcible and logical exposition of an argument as in the subtle equivocations and retreats of the skilled dialectician. His was a hard, ruthless nature with all the self-centred characteristics of the supreme egoist who is also—by temperament if not by religion—a disciple of Calvin. He was typical of an age that believed that happiness was synonymous with work. "For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot*, and become putrescent, and I say deliberately, the very Devil is in *it*." He had no faith in democracy—no prophet or dictator has ever had any faith but in himself. His views are identical with those of the dictators of totalitarian states to-day. "I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you—and make God's Earth, and the forlorn hope in God's Battle, free of you." His value as artist and historian is well considered by Mr. Lammond, who brings out most admirably that Carlyle's was a one-track mind whose thoughts were for ever passing in the same direction—himself.

But if one only repeats oneself loud enough and often enough one is bound to obtain a hearing; and Carlyle's rather vague religious views found a ready audience among men of science whose belief in the early chapters of the Old Testament had received a shock from the publication of *The Origin of Species*. "*Sartor Resartus*," wrote Huxley to Kingsley, "led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with an entire absence of theology." And, fortified by Carlyle, he proceeded—by means of his lectures on comparative physiology—to provide propaganda for the Darwinian as opposed to the Biblical theory of the creation for the rest of his life. Darwin had hesitated to include man in his theory; but Huxley, in 1861 in a discourse at the Royal Institution, contended that man was subject to the same natural causes for his appearance on the earth as any other species. Huxley's character is difficult to extract, in this biography, from the facts and figures of his long scientific career. Perhaps the truth of it is that Huxley was more interesting in his work than in himself. And so Professor MacBride has included a chapter on the origin of species.

Like Huxley, but in far greater need of his philosophy, Van Gogh drew inspiration and strength from Carlyle. He did rise, although weighed down with a host of doubts, against the Everlasting No; and turned, like a hero, towards the Everlasting Yea "wherein all contradiction is solved." "If one keeps on faithfully doing what is worth doing," he wrote, "and does not waste one's love on insignificant and unworthy and meaningless things, one will get more light by and by and grow stronger." But he had to spend years of his life in a frantic search before he discovered what *was* worth doing. His uncles were art-dealers, and he was employed first at their English branch. While in London he fell in love with his landlady's daughter, who was already engaged to be married. In despair, after a brief holiday, he returned to London and read Michelet's *L'Amour*; and this appears to have led him to a further experimenting with love-objects. Nothing seemed worth doing until at length, at the end of another year, he had reached a state of mind completely hopeless of finding any meaning in life. At this critical juncture he was roused by Renan. *Pour agir dans le monde il faut mourir à soi-meme*. This he interpreted by becoming an evangelist among the Borinage miners. A different struggle to express himself now began. He grew more and more fanatical, covered his face with coal dust, and gave away his few possessions—clothes, his bed, what little money he had. As Mr. Burra so wisely remarks:

> From the moment when the word of Renan told him that he must "die unto himself," he was seized with an insatiable longing to achieve that whole and perfect austerity in the soul which led him at last to the logical conclusion of self-inflicted death.

But between the conflict of the evangelist and the final destruction of self there remained ten years in which to paint, including the last period of his insanity. These years, and indeed the whole of his life, have been most sympathetically interpreted by Mr. Burra. Van Gogh was a very great man—two volumes of letters published by Messrs. Constable are alone proof of this—yet it is not an exaggeration to say that this biography (the first in English) is worthy of him.

Turning from the life of Van Gogh to the life of the elder Dumas makes the unfortunate reviewer a little giddy. But the reader will not, if he is sane, peruse both volumes consecutively. Dumas had no spiritual difficulties of any sort to encounter. He was of the earth earthy. A coarse, vulgar creature, with all the negro's childish—but rather charming—love of ostentation, he swaggered through life surrounded by mistresses and bad taste—a happy hunting-ground for penniless writers and aspiring pimps. But the Romantic Movement in the French theatre was ushered in by the production of his *Henri III* at the *Français*; and would not the world of letters be the poorer for lack of a D'Artagnan and his merry men? Mr. Pearce has, perhaps, been the most handicapped, owing to space, of these biographers; but, if his facts are necessarily compressed, his portrait is entirely satisfactory.

Dr. Grace is not, compared with the other names on this list, an international figure; and, incredible as it may sound, I have actually met a young Englishwoman who had never heard of "W.G." Nevertheless, it is a very proper decision to include his life in this series—and a happy one to get Mr. Darwin to write it. After all, something of the genius of a people goes into its national game, and wherever two or three enthusiasts are gathered together it will not be long before "W.G."—the greatest personage cricket ever has produced or ever can produce—is mentioned. One's admiration for Jones as a fast bowler is a hundred times increased in that he once bowled a ball through the immortal beard, and would one really have minded being given out l.b.w. by a hypnotised umpire when the Doctor's stentorian voice appealed from point?

RICHARD STRACHEY

A JOURNEY TO CHINA

One's Company. A Journey to China. By PETER FLEMING. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Fleming is an extremely accomplished traveller. He is young, enterprising, energetic, and his experience of travel includes the most diverse quarters of the globe. From Brazil, he has turned his attention to the Far East. Despatched originally to report on the Manchurian situation, he was disappointed to learn when he arrived that the Chinese defences had already given way and that Japan was now master of the whole country. Mr. Fleming, however, proved resourceful. By a judicious blend of tact and importunity, he persuaded the Japanese to allow him to join an expedition which was then setting out for the hinterland, bent on the location and dispersion of a troop of Manchurian bandits. Mr. Fleming's study of the bandit-problem—one of the most serious

problems that the Japanese in Manchuria have to face—is an able and informative piece of work; but still more interesting are the passages in which he tells the tale of his own adventures, as the member of a flying column that started off into the wilds, to play hide-and-seek with a force that managed to elude, and indeed to make fools of them at every stage of their hazardous and difficult journey. The bandits they sought were merely bandits; that is to say, they had nothing in common with the devoted and fanatical partisans who operate in other districts of Manchuria, their chief victims being the helpless and oppressed peasants. These last positively welcomed the foreign intruders, for bandit-raids had reduced them to ruin and misery.

The second section of the book is equally interesting. Section One is devoted to Manchukuo, preceded by a somewhat acid account of a train-journey through Soviet Russia; while Section Two takes us south of the Great Wall and contains the narrative of a journey to the farthest limits of Kuomintang power—where the mysterious "Red provinces" begin. Mr. Fleming has accumulated a good deal of evidence. Naturally, he was unable to study the condition of the Communist provinces at first hand; but, with some difficulty and a brilliant display of the same tactics that had succeeded in Manchukuo, he prevailed on the Chinese military authorities to allow him to visit various frontier-posts. Of the campaign against the Communists there was little to be seen; the Government forces are holding their ground, but so successful is the Communist leadership, and so daring are their frequent surprise attacks, that their hold is excessively precarious. He noted that, far behind the Government lines, block-houses are being constructed to withstand a siege.

Has Communism in China come to stay? Mr. Fleming seems to think that it has—or, at least, that there is no immediate prospect of the Communist armies being dislodged from the territory they now occupy. Before starting, he interviewed Chiang Kai-shek. The Generalissimo's prophecies were vague but optimistic. The Red Armies at present in the field would be wiped out, he said, "by next winter"—a forecast that has signally failed to materialise. "With a piercing stare," he dismissed the English interviewer; and Mr. Fleming, he tells us, "retired abashed," feeling that he had spoken to a great man—though a great man whom many critics consider a villain. Perhaps it was the dramatic quality of Chiang's showmanship that impressed itself on Mr. Fleming's imagination.

For he himself, if one may say so, is a born showman. When he is doubtful of his ability to show off an experience to the best advantage, he passes it by, remarking that literary and picturesque digressions are not for him. Thus, Peking and Jehol are but cursorily mentioned; and yet Jehol—that fantastic Kublai Khan city of Lamaist shrines, perched round Ch'ien Lung's marvellous hunting-palace, lately the headquarters of a Chinese "over-lord"—is at least as worthy of description as a commonplace geisha-party. Such modesty is both annoying and disconcerting. A suspicion arises that Mr. Fleming may be more concerned with amusing his readers than with writing a book dictated by his own sensibility and intelligence. In the effort to be "bright," one asks if he is always fair to his own descriptive and analytical talent—whether the personal charm of certain passages is not too great. If only he would forget to be quite so engaging! . . . But let us be honest: he has written an unusually readable book.

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THE GREEN INTERNATIONAL

Peasant Europe. By H. HESSELL TILTMAN. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

Mr. Hessell Tiltman's new book is a study of the conditions under which the peasant half of Europe east of Vienna lives. The importance of this subject is only equalled by the neglect it has received from English writers. It is obvious that the impoverishment of the peasants has, for the time, destroyed the most promising European market for industrial goods. The chief importance of Mr. Tiltman's book is, however, political, for the study of peasant conditions reveals political oppression as the condition of which many of the peasants are most uncomfortably aware. Nor is this all; it is the oppression of the more highly civilised by dictatorial regimes which represent, not merely an alien, but often a more backward, people—in Croatia, for example, or in the Ukraine.

The fate of the forty million Ukrainian peasants who are divided up between Russia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, is a tragedy which is easily forgotten in Western Europe, in spite of the despatches of a famous correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* who wrote up the "pacification" of the Polish Ukraine in 1930. These Ukrainians, whom the Poles and Roumanians have treated so disgracefully, have an impressively high standard in education and in agriculture, but their standard of living is dragged down by the heavy taxes they must pay to pseudo-military rulers whom they detest. It is the same with the Croats.

From every point of view Mr. Tiltman's book redounds to the credit of Czecho-Slovakia, that democratic oasis in a desert of greed, oppression and militarism. The Czechs, for instance, have really split up big estates for the benefit of their peasants. The Czechs even treat their Ukrainians decently. At a time when the Poles—of all people—are teasing the Czechs about their minorities, it is important to be assured of this. President Masaryk is the most honourable figure in Europe.

The Bulgar, Stambulisky, hoped for a Green International of the Peasants, and Mr. Tiltman emphasizes the common interest of the peasantry, whom nothing but racial differences divide. This common interest is an interest in democratic conservatism, and, above all, an interest in peace; there is a new hope in Mr. Tiltman's belief in the greater awareness of the peasants of to-day. For he finds that disappointment and privation have bred, not despair, but a newly critical mentality which may make powerful dictators impotent yet. *Peasant Europe*, like all Mr. Tiltman's work, is illustrated with admirable photography—indeed, the pages glow with the charm of the Ukrainians, old and young. The book would, however, be more eloquent were its manner less sensational, and if the statistics were more segregated, it would be equally informative and pleasanter to read.

MONEY

Money. By M. A. ABRAMS. *Lane.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Abrams in this little book gives a very clear exposition of the part played by bank inflation in causing trade depressions. Distinguishing what he terms "intermediate goods" (capital goods) from consumptive goods, he finds a periodic tendency for business men to over-estimate the amount of the former that can be profitably made or utilised for making the latter type of goods.

This over-estimate causes banks to add to the real savings from income large credits of their own making, which serve to increase the quantity of capital goods. In the early part of this process the increase of wage earners is high enough to take off in consumption the increasing output of consumptive goods. But the time comes when this output is excessive at the former price level, and falling costs are needed to continue production at a profitable rate. This requires a cut in wages, resistance to which is so effective as to cause a loss to the weaker businesses and so brings about a general depression. Mr. Abrams regards this monetary misbehaviour as a national product of modern capitalism. He envisages the displacement of capitalism by an economic democracy in which "the freely-expressed consumptive desires of the whole body of citizens" shall regulate the productive processes, apparently upon a basis of equality of incomes. How this sort of Socialism is to be brought about is not made clear. But Mr. Abrams rightly insists that the new social economic order will need the use of a reliable money, both as a unit of account and for international trade. J. A. H.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Vindication of Charles the First. By JOSHUA BROOKES. *Hurst and Blackett.* 18*s.*

This vindication is based to a large extent on Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*, from which Mr. Brookes has freely, perhaps too freely, quoted. The author contends that Charles was within his rights in demanding the arrest of the five members; that ship-money was not an illegal method of taxation; and "that the Parliament was entirely in the wrong in its claim to control the militia (the main point which caused the war)." The account of Charles' trial, to be found in the chapter entitled "Charles As Martyr," is well written and dramatic; but, again, Mr. Brookes seems to be too partial to the royalist side. Besides a very full examination into the causes which brought about the destruction of the monarchy and an attempt to show that the responsibility for the civil war lay entirely with the revolutionary Parliament, the author has discussed the leaders on both sides, and has devoted part of his book to short biographies of them. Thus, there are included portraits of Hyde, Falkland and Culpepper, on the one hand; and Pym, Hampden, Holles, Vane, Selden, Whitelocke, May and the Verneys, on the other. In the same way, he has discussed the merits and demerits of the Roundhead and Cavalier generals. But while, admittedly, history cannot be written without some bias, Mr. Brookes is too eager a partisan to convince any but those holding identical views with himself.

The English Borstal System. By S. BARMAN. *King.* 12*s.*

Mr. Barman is an Indian barrister who has made a special study of the current treatment of young delinquents in this country, particularly under the so-called Borstal system. He has studied mainly with a view to instructing his own countrymen, but his descriptions of the Borstal treatment being clear, disinterested and at first hand, have a distinct value for English readers. Like all who have written on modern reformative punishment, Mr. Barman sees, of course, that it is far more intelligent and humane than the crudely retaliative methods that preceded it. But he is perhaps a little too complacent in his assurance that institutional treatment for adolescent youth is the best that can be devised, and that under the present arrangement of deferential treatment at the various schools, the comparatively innocent do not now suffer contamination from association with the essentially vicious. Raising the school-leaving age might prove a cheaper, and it certainly would prove a more effective, remedy for this increase than the multiplication and refinement of Borstal institutions. Juvenile crime is increasing, and the continual multiplication of statutory crimes must be carefully watched, particularly the misdemeanours for which the well-to-do are fined and the poor imprisoned.

Individualism and Socialism: An Ethical Survey of Economic and Political Forces. By KIRBY PAGE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

As the title implies, this is a somewhat sentimental review of economics in action. It is mainly the American scene that is surveyed, though there is continual reference to the European dilemma. Were the American economic collapse less painful in its incidence it would be distinctly funny, for the failure of the U.S.A., a self-contained continent, to distribute to its people the abundance it produces, and its puzzled wonder at the failure, form the most ironic commentary on Capitalism with its back to the wall. Mr. Kirby Page has packed his argument with facts, and his statistics alone would make the book interesting to students of American politico-sociology. His remedy for the deadlock is Socialism mitigated by a religious outlook, and a gradual redistribution of wealth by the steady raising of wages and the lesser salaries, and the reduction of colossal incomes that cannot either be usefully spent or invested. But what Mr. Page fails to see is that it is the very triumph of Capitalism that is its undoing; and that from now onwards there will be commodities in abundance for all, but work only for a much smaller population than the abundance will justify.

They're Off. Edited by C. W. MILES. *Denis Archer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Rackets, Squash Rackets, Tennis, Fives and Badminton. Edited by LORD ABERDARE. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

The first of these "sports" books is an efficient journalistic writing up of a number of characteristic British games by eminent reporters, each specialist in his own department. It is the nature of the book to be enthusiastic, rather than comprehensive; for the space allowed is not sufficient for a detailed or scientific description of each subject. The writers are confined, therefore, to eulogy; with some interesting reminiscences of the more famous of their heroes. But there seems to be no general principle on which these sports have been chosen, for while billiards is included, ping-pong, darts, and shove halfpenny (to mention three extremely popular pastimes) are omitted. And it is a pity that no sponsors could be found for croquet, bowls, and lacrosse. But most of the major sporting activities of the Anglo-Saxon are to be found here (including British baseball). The work on *Rackets, etc.*, edited by Lord Aberdare, is volume XVI of the Lonsdale Library. It is a book of real importance for all interested in these games.

The English Tradition: The Heritage of the Venturers. By J. AUBREY REES. *Frederick Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The old gibe that the English are a nation of shopkeepers has no sting for Mr. Rees, who lauds the mercantile community from the Middle Ages to the present day as the backbone of the country and as being responsible for making us what and putting us where we are. By ignoring the worst features of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century industrialism and by concentrating upon the merchant princes, who throughout our history have exhibited both a civic sense and a sense of the responsibilities of wealth, he makes out a good case for the class as a whole. The method of relation is frankly popular, but the book is really informative as well as entertaining, and the second half, which deals with men in the great tradition, from John Philpot to famous merchants of the present day, demonstrates how large a part wealthy merchants have had in the establishment of schools and the forwarding of education. In the main, the story is authoritative enough, though there are slips, such as that on page 187, where Erasmus Smith's daughter is said to have married Edward Stanley, who was afterwards created Earl of Derby.

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BARKER

Week-end Competitions

No. 230

Set by Guy Hadley

In the middle of Piccadilly a friend informs you, with excessive satisfaction, that he or she is "just off to Dalmatia for about six weeks." Your own holiday has been confined to a fortnight in January. Disregard the traffic and point out to this friend the peculiar joys of London in August, limiting your reply to 300 honeyed words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 17th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 228

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract from a modern opera. The list of *dramatis personae* and an outline of the plot must be given and the extract, which should be brief, must consist of a Recitative and Air (in rhyme) beginning:

"Now I shall be able to live within my income."

Report by Sylvia Lynd

I must congratulate most of the entrants into this competition on their knowing so little of the joy or anguish of the miser or the spendthrift. Only one of them, Mr. Laing, pursues the recitative in the manner that seems to me, I must confess, inevitable and right.

"Now I shall be able to live within my income,
My bank manager I shall no longer fear!"

But he spoils his recitative by introducing rhyme too soon. This, I suspect, is my fault. I meant the words "in rhyme" to apply only to the air. I must apologise for my clumsiness. Only one contributor has not been diverted from the proper path of recitative, Mr. F. M. Harris, and he gives us a fine piece of Carl-Rosa-Puccini:

"Now I shall be able to live within my income,
And with impunity propose to Mabel,
And, what is more, go bail for Uncle Henry,
I thank thee, Fortune, for this latter blessing!"

But he has not invented an equally Opera-like plot. The plots are, as a whole, disappointing, though some begin well, notably the one in which "the scene is laid throughout in a private mental home in the Tyrol," and I liked Mr. Guy Hadley's Sir Hector Gore-Batten, "who has amassed enormous wealth by beating swords into Preference Shares," but I cannot imagine myself reading such a phrase as "Bombo, a nasty piece of work" in the dim light of Covent Garden; nor can I picture Mr. W. E. V. Burch's chorus of sixty men or his shareholders' meeting appearing upon the stage there. No entry was good enough in all its parts to justify my giving it a prize.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 85.—THE LOTTERY TICKETS

Three schoolgirls took tickets in a lottery. "Inquisitive Iris," a schoolfellow, was anxious to discover what numbers they had respectively chosen. She knew that the numbers available were 4, 6, 9, 21 and 26.

On making inquiries, Iris got together the following "facts":

(1) The total of the three numbers was not a prime number. (2) The total was not divisible by 17. (3) Bessie's number was not the largest. (4) Bessie's number was not the smallest. (5) One of the numbers selected was 4. (6) The total of the three numbers was not the square of an integer. (7) The number chosen by Cissie would divide exactly into the product of the numbers chosen by Ada and Bessie. (8) Bessie's ticket was an even number.

Iris industriously sat down to work out the numbers of the three tickets. Unfortunately she was not aware that of her eight "facts" five were untrue.

What were the numbers of the tickets chosen by each of the three girls?

PROBLEM 83.—THREE DICE

As with Problem 77, there is a fair crop of wrong answers. Coot's expectation in £

$$= \frac{(1+2+3+4+5+6)^3}{6^3}$$

$$= £42\ 17s.\ 6d.$$

Calculus has scored £45.

i.e., Coot's expectation before throwing is a loss of £2 2s. 6d.

He should therefore pay the £2 stipulated and "call the whole thing off."

[Naturally, points will be awarded to solvers whose mathematics are correct, but who argue that psychologically it is worth while not to exercise the option, since Calculus himself may elect to pay. There is much to be said for this point of view. But as a problem in psychology, the question is indeterminate, and we must confine ourselves to mathematics.]

PROBLEM 82.—THE SISTERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Hugh Ferris Dixon, Worksop College, Notts.

There were 40 correct solutions.

Five points are awarded.

PROBLEM 80.—THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY

Nine points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books), reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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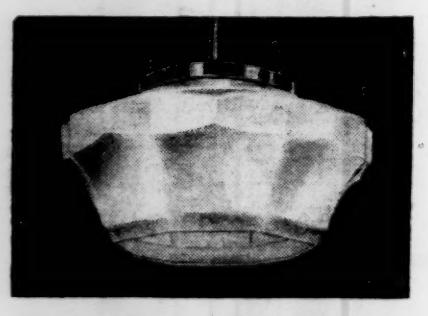

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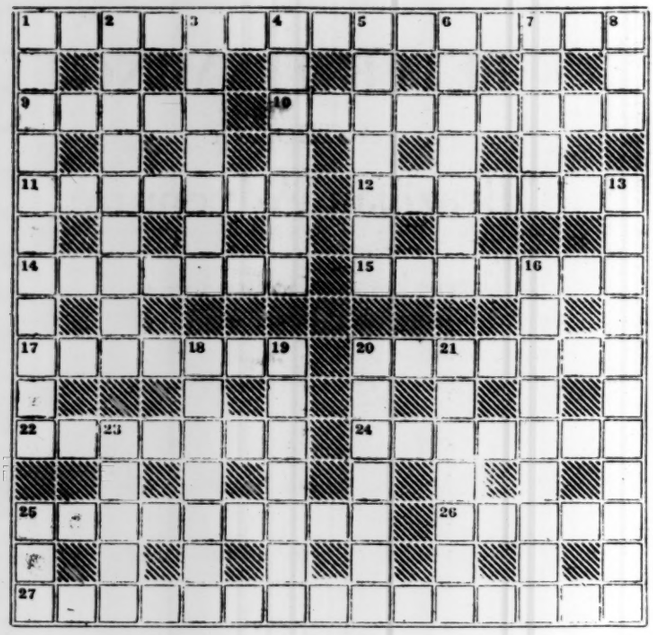
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 231

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Ommibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is
Mrs. G. M. Wratten, The Randolph Hotel, Southwold, Suffolk.

ACROSS

1. The sanctity of this realm preserved it for over 1,000 years.
9. Blue and white waters.
10. Tom's serenade.
11. A vine twisted round us.
12. What isn't isn't done.
14. Often caught slipping away.
15. It is not usually the bookworm who leaves this mark.
17. The exhausted can hardly manage this dance further.
20. Logical statement of monkish rank.
22. Handed out by Mr. Roosevelt, not by Mr. Culbertson.
24. An old dress fastener on the back of the bed.
25. Returning air.
26. In Russia I am only once found in the first part of the "Divina Commedia."
27. Court of joinery?

DOWN

1. Melodious description of a trader after game.
2. Cleanliness that sounds like a 12 notability.
3. How the chairman of the L.M.S. would sign a document again.
4. Teach me to knife.
5. The sort of drink that causes complaint in this sort of a summer.
6. Can be done to time.
7. Angler who sounds like a patriarch.
8. Sometimes taken when 1/45th of it is received.
13. Oriental form of 18; hot air borrowed from the Romans.
16. Un"cert"ified capital punishment.
18. Put the mare into the old baths.
19. Beer and tea in a pot to keep one warm.
20. Over this town again would be good practice.
21. Sound not heard at the burial of Sir John Moore.
23. Sound of speedy revolutions.
25. 100,000.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

E	S	T	I	M	A	T	E	■	C	H	A	R	G	E
N	■	R	■	E	■	R	■	■	A	■	E	■	N	
G	O	O	D	W	O	O	D	■	C	L	O	S	E	D
A	■	J	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	F	■	T	■	S
G	R	A	N	D	S	L	A	M	■	A	R	R	O	W
E	■	N	■	■	■	■	P	■	L	■	A	■	E	
■	■	■	T	R	O	I	K	A	■	O	R	I	E	L
O	■	M	■	E	■	M	■	R	■	A	■	N	■	L
B	R	E	A	D	■	P	U	T	O	F	F	■	■	
S	■	A	■	H	■	I	■	■	■	■	B	■	R	
E	X	T	R	A	■	S	H	I	P	S	H	A	P	E
R	■	S	■	N	■	H	■	D	■	I	■	R	■	C
V	I	A	N	D	S	■	L	E	O	N	A	R	D	O
E	■	F	■	E	■	■	A	■	K	■	I	■	I	
D	R	E	A	D	S	■	A	L	L	S	W	E	L	L

MORNING GORY

There is a dreaded zero-hour in life known as the "morning-after." It may be traceable to some wild Bacchanalian orgy, or merely a too-lengthy session over contract. The symptoms are the same and the remedy identical. Coax the vile body to the bathroom, drop a little Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a tumbler of water and see how merrily it leaps to life. Drink it slowly and luxuriously, and feel the cares of this world slipping from your shoulders. Then, with your system cleansed and tuned, you will face the day once more with a clear head and light heart.

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COMPANY MEETING

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

The Tenth Ordinary General Meeting of the Covent Garden Properties Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, August 2, at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

MR. PHILIP E. HILL (the chairman) said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—The profits for the year, before providing for directors' fees, taxation, and Debenture interest, are £256,000 in round figures—some £19,000 less than those of the previous year. The profit on the sale of properties and investments is higher at some £59,000 odd, while the income from rents, tolls, and interest is £79,000 less than in the previous year, largely attributable to reconstructional developments, tenancy disturbances and temporary unremunerative expenditure of capital, including our investment in the Second Covent Garden Property Company, Ltd., upon which we shall receive our first dividend in the early part of next year. The position is a temporary one, and will improve.

The reconstruction of the Tavistock Hotel block has now been completed, and comprises eighteen shops—sixteen of which are already let—several suites of offices, some of which are let, and the upper part comprising the hotel proper, which has also been let.

Princess House, Oxford Street.—It became necessary to reconstruct a large portion of these premises. This reconstruction has been completed, and we became possessed of premises of a total estimated letting value of over £50,000 per annum. Considerable lettings have been made and are still being effected.

The reconstruction and reconditioning of the Royal Opera House has been practically completed, and should provide us with a further increase of revenue.

We have over a quarter of a million pounds invested in freehold ground-rents, in many instances with reversions at short dates, the yield on which is about 3 per cent. The present seems to be a favourable moment to realise such a security, and we shall probably deal with this during the autumn. If so, a further substantial sum should be available for reinvestment at, I hope, a higher rate of interest.

Since our last meeting we have successfully launched the Second Covent Garden Property Company, Ltd., in which this company and its directors hold a majority interest of the Ordinary shares and which I am convinced will be a satisfactory investment. In contemplation of the formation of this company we had acquired certain properties at a cost of £152,000, which have since been sold to the new company at valuation, showing us a profit of some £17,000.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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